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## INFLUENCE OF MECHANICAL OCCUPATIONS ON HEALTH.

MECHANICAL Occupations are most obviously divided into the active and sedentary. The first class may be subdivided into the sheltered and the exposed. Sedentary pursuits are all carried on under shelter, at least among us. A third class may be referred to as being subjected to specific agencies of a deleterious or poisonous nature, as painters and glaziers, plumbers, printers, gilders, &c.

At the mere enumeration of the Mechanics who pursue active occupations under shelter, such as blacksmiths, turners, tanners, wheelwrights, and so on, you will at once be struck with the recollection, that this first division of the first class contains the most numerous proportion of robust and athletic individuals, and presents the best chances of health and longevity. The tanner for example, has been in all countries, supposed to enjoy a happy exemption from disease. This has been exaggerated by certain late writers in Great Britain into some remarkable extravagances, and as Shakspeare suggested, that the trade enabled a man to resist the processes of decay after death longer than his fellows, so these physicians imagine, that there is something exceedingly salubrious in the odours, gases, and other agents by which the leather maker and dresser are habitually surrounded.

It is indeed distinctly asserted in some of the English periodicals, that consumption never occurs among tanners—a fact also affirmed in regard to rope makers and those engaged in dock yards and elsewhere, in handling tar and pitch. I will not go so far as to say, that there is no foundation for such opinions as these, but truth requires us to acknowledge, that they are not correct in their full extent. I have myself known more than one instance of consumption among tanners, and in their families and household. I have seen the disease also in a rope maker. The whole secret seems to lie in the concurrence of the conditions above mentioned—shelter namely and activity. Unless some counteracting circumstance be present to exert an injurious influence, the occupations in which these are combined offer in all climates, but most notably in such as ours—variable and hot—the fairest prospect not only of a lengthened, but of a serene and healthful life.

In the more temperate and less fertile regions, it is conceded, that agricultural pursuits are most friendly to physical happiness. The labors of the farmer, though regular, are not monotonous; though sufficiently diversified, they are free from the listlessness which is apt to follow desultory exertions, though active and vigorous, they are not so urgent as to imply fatigue or exhaustion. Nor do they of necessity, involve any

very unpleasant or injurious exposure. When the fields are covered with snow, and the streams are ice bound, when the soil is hardened by frost, when the cold winds whistle, and the storm blows loud, he sits by his fireside engaged in such portions of his annual occupations as may be carried on within doors, or suspends all toil in cheerful holiday. When the soft warm zephyrs of spring unbind the fountain, thaw the frost and snow, and loosen the solid earth, he breaks up the clods with his plough and harrow, and sows the seed of hope. During the heats of summer, he need not venture abroad into the noontide glare of sunshine, being enabled by the multiplicity of objects which require his attention, so to divide his time as to pass the sultriest hours under the shade; the mornings and evenings of the lengthened day being sufficient for his out door work. The declining autumn calls him again into the field, to gather the fruits of his labor in the glad harvest-home, after which, he again prepares and enriches the soil.

Such is the charming picture of agricultural life, given us by the poets and rustic writers of England, and applicable as well, or nearly so, to the eastern, middle, and north western States of our American confederacy. But far different, as is well known to our readers, is the life of the planter of the south and south-west. Inhabiting a territory the most luxuriantly fruitful, he cannot, without great risk, even reside within its fertile limits. To attempt the labor necessary for its cultivation, is certain death. Its exhalations are fatal to the race who possess it—and who must improve and cultivate it, by means of the labor of an inferior race. Here then the arrangement of the several orders, which go to fill up the social scale is different from that which prevails elsewhere. Here the tiller of the ground no longer maintains the highest rank in physical capacity elsewhere awarded him, and we must look among other classes to find, what is so often spoken of, as the bone and muscle of a community. We shall find this valuable portion of our population among the several mechanical trades of which I have been speaking—those which combine active occupation with shelter. By shelter I do not at all intend any seclusion from the open air; this does not, by any means, belong to the subjects enumerated under our present head. None of them are confined in close apartments. The muscular action required is abundantly energetic and steady to give free circulation to the blood, and abundant generation of animal heat—two conditions absolutely essential to the full play of the functions, and the proper enjoyment of animal vigor. I am unwilling to enter into any minute detail of the liability of these classes, to be injured by such special contingencies as affect them, for I conceive them, on the whole, to amount to but little. Thus, for example, the miller and stone cutter are affirmed to be frequently attacked with pulmonary complaints, from the inhalation of diffused delicate particles of meal and mineral dust. Such results, it is true, are noted under like circumstances, in large manufactories, where currents of air are carefully excluded, and floating atoms of various matter suspended in the atmosphere must be inhaled, because the supply is so seldom changed. Needle grinders in the large British establishments, are said to die almost certainly, before they reach their fortieth year, from the accumulation of steel dust in their lungs. Those employed in the carding of cotton and wool, suffer, it is stated, in



an analogous way, and large deposits of black carbonaceous matter are known to be found in the lungs of coal diggers and miners. But although I have made many inquiries I have not found that these evils are notably perceived in any occupations followed among us—probably because of the free and constant ventilation universally kept up in our more genial climate by all workmen whose activity of movement suffices to give them warmth. Perhaps an exception to the exact correctness of this remark should be acknowledged in the irritating cough so frequently met with among those employed in ginning cotton, the nearest approach to factory labor which belongs to our institutions.

Some physicians have considered the blacksmith as more than ordinarily liable to colds, as they are called, and rheumatisms, but in this opinion I cannot concur. The alternations of temperature which are here referred to as sources of danger, although impressive and sometimes extreme, yet seem to me to be indifferent to an active workman who generates within himself such a rapid and abundant supply of internal heat, that he is little, if at all, sensible of any addition or subtraction from external sources, and is no more likely to suffer injury in becoming cool when at rest, than any one else equally heated by vigorous exercise. It is only the passive subject of alternations of temperature that is apt to receive harm from them. The excitement of a warm and ruddy glow by energetic muscular action seems to me by far the best means of preparation for exposure to any degree of cold whatever. The resiliency of the system, its elastic capacity for re-action, is thus best brought into play; and hence this is undoubtedly the condition of the body in which the cold bath is safest and most useful.

The discussion assumes a higher and more direct professional interest when we proceed to speak of the active mechanical occupations which are carried on beyond shelter, and exposed to all the atmospheric influences of heat and cold, wind, sunshine and rain.

With the exception of the occasional occurrence, (now becoming less rare I am afraid, than in the good old time) of a degree of cold, resembling in severity that which belongs to more Northern regions, we have little reason to shrink from the air of our winter months. The atmosphere of this season, is, with us, indeed, for the most part, peculiarly bright, bracing and luxurious; the out door toil of the industrious mechanic is agreeable and exciting, and beyond description salubrious. It fills the blood vessels of the skin with a glowing and genial circulation, stimulates the fibres to contract, and gives tone and elasticity to the whole frame. Let poets celebrate the monotonous charms of their eternal spring, with its skies of unfading azure and its still delightful odours, its undying flowers and its ever breathing zephyrs. The physiologist and the philosopher will not cease to admire the wisdom which instituted the system of perpetual change, and which gave all nature to exult in, and revive by those very contrasts, which to the eye of a careless observer, might seem harsh and shocking to her. In all hot climates, such as ours, the influence of the summer and autumnal atmosphere is languid and relaxing, and we reach the termination of the protracted warm season with the body unstrung, and comparatively infirm, and the mind depressed and prone to inaction. Winter comes at last to con-

dense anew the expanded fluids, to render rigid the loosened fibre, to invigorate both mind and body. For these impressions, we become gradually, nay almost imperceptibly prepared. The cool nights and foggy mornings of autumn, entice us, by gentle and reiterated warnings, to the use of more guarded clothing, and remind us to close our doors and windows against the damp and chilling breezes, until at length on the arrival of frost, we are found enveloped in woollen garments and drawn closely to the evening fireside. The winter, of our climate, I have said, is little to be dreaded by our mechanics, however unsheltered may be their labor. I mean this, however, to be understood only of the race of masters. Our colored tribes suffer much from the cold, which they are singularly unfit, as well as unwilling to bear. Let it never be forgotten, that each of the varieties into which the human species has been divided, was originally provided with its special and appropriate dwelling place, or district, which, if it desert and intrude into that allotted for either of the others, it must pay a definite and certain penalty. I will not pretend that these limits are so accurately drawn as to be clearly laid down in every case, but nothing can be plainer in a general way. The Englishman lives, moves and has his being in tawny Hindostan, by the labor of the native of that sultry land. The white man must die if he take up his abode on the steaming plains of savage Africa. Upon this rock have split all the several plans of colonization, hitherto attempted by our zealous, but unwise philanthropists. The black being incapable of self-advancement, and even unable to keep his hold of the lower degrees of civilization, which his comparative elevation as a slave has forced upon him, must, in order to save him from prompt retrogradation, go back to the wild home of his dark forefathers, under the government of a white man; and the tombs of Ashmun and Randall attest the costliness of the sacrifice. Nay, even the mulatto, it would seem, cannot long survive the ravages of a sky hostile to the slightest tinge of Caucasian blood.

The latitude and locality which we now occupy, has been wrested from the red Indian, who seems, in all his distinctive characteristics, to have been singularly well calculated for the temperature and circumstances and soil here, where our forefathers found him, and from which he has been driven far away. But nature is a more powerful and dangerous avenger than even Oseola himself. The spot on which we have fixed, is the home, neither of the white nor of the black man. In winter it is too cold for the African—in summer too hot for the European. The malaria of the swamp, to which the Indian constitution seems to be nearly insensible, is also equally innoxious to the negro—but the red man can resist frost and snow, enemies before which, the nations of black men would perish in a single generation from the face of the earth. These, then, so necessary to us in summer, require from us special protection in winter. Let us clothe them warmly, and on days of unusual severity, exempt them from protracted exposure, and this is not only the dictate of humanity, but can be proved to be the soundest policy and the wisest self interest. They should be indulged also with large fires and comfortable, though not *close* sleeping rooms.

I have said, that we of the white race, are intruders here. It is in summer and autumn that we are made sensible of this fact—and it is



only by a careful attention to the influences of these seasons upon our foreign constitutions, that we shall gradually approximate to the state of perfect acclimation. I say *approximate*; for I am not certain that we shall ever absolutely attain it even in our remotest posterity. We are not now any nearer to it, except in a few cities of the sea coast, than our ancestors were a century and a half ago; nor has the English constitution become any better fitted to bear the extreme heats of the Indian continent than it was in the days of Hastings and Clive.

The effects of heat or high atmospheric temperature upon the human system—that of the white man more especially—has been the topic of many an ingenious essay. It would seem, that very intense degrees of heat may be borne for a short time with entire impunity at the moment, and so far as has been traced, without any after consequences of importance. Not to mention the philosophical experiments of Blagden, Tillet, and others, we have lately seen Chaubert and Martinez exhibit exploits which proved them gifted with powers of endurance, equal to those of the fabled salamander. But it is equally well known, that the long continued exposure to high atmospheric temperature, will not fail to derange every function of the body in a greater or less degree. These evils are brought about in various modes, according to the circumstances of the occasion—the concurring agents, which may at the same time affect the body—and the predispositions and idiosyncrasies of the individual. The morbid effects of heat have been very naturally divided into the *direct* and *indirect*. Concerning the latter, we have some acute and useful remarks from the pen of Dr. James Johnson, who enjoying in both hemispheres the best opportunities for observation, as an officer of the British army, seems to have watched the diseases of hot climates with a careful and accurate eye; to have delineated their progress with a faithful and graphic pen; and to have studied their causes, history and effects with a philosophical and generally correct judgment. On the arrival of spring, the thermometer, (Fahrenheit's) ranges here, in cool, shady and sheltered places from 76 deg. upwards, to 80 and 90. But this by no means indicates the degrees of heat to which our mechanics are exposed who labor in the open air and sunshine, as the carpenter, bricklayer, slater, &c. Our old Chalmers, with his usual good sense, remarks, that “by keeping a thermometer in the shade only, we discover no more than the greatest *coolness* in the air; but it in no wise points out that degree of heat which those sustain, who are obliged to be much abroad in the day.” It is with these latter that we are at present exclusively concerned. The greatest heat which Chalmers noted here, was in 1752; during that year the mercury rose in May to 93 deg., in June to 92, in July to 101, and in August to 96. Dr. Lining declares the weather to have been warmer in 1738, than he ever saw it in Charleston. In the beginning of August the mercury was, for several days successively, at 98 deg. in the shaded air, at or about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. At this time, he informs us, “many persons died of apoplexies.” Among late years, the summer of 1824 has been the most remarkable for its high temperature. During the last week of June the mercury ranged from 90 to 98 deg. in a cool, well sheltered situation. On the 1st July it was at 94. At several places in the country, as at

Columbia and Walterboro' it rose to 103, 104 and 105. James Johnson rates the prevailing heat of the East Indian summer at from 80 to 100. On the Italian shores of the Mediterranean, the Sirocco raises the thermometer, as we are told, to 112 for days together; the effects of this heated air upon those exposed to it are great mental and bodily prostration. The digestive powers are especially depressed, so that persons who have eaten hearty suppers are often found dead in their beds.

In order to ascertain the degree of heat to which mechanics and unsheltered laborers were subjected, I placed my thermometer during the hot weather of 1824, in various positions. When hung under a tree in the unpaved street, (St. Philip's) in a good shade, well—though accidentally—sheltered from reflected heat, it stood at 103—rising as high as 130 when exposed either to the direct rays of the sun, or to reflected heat from the earth, or house, or fence. There was not much difference for three or four hours of the warmest part of the day. Hence I would assume the general temperature of the streets and the roofs and walls of buildings accessible both to the sun's rays and to reflected heat, to rise throughout the greater portion of our summer days to 90 at least, perhaps as high as 110 or 115.

Let us now consider for a moment the natural and necessary consequences of such exposure as is thus indicated. The gentler influences of spring and summer upon those protected in the ordinary modes from their excessive application, would seem to be obviously stimulant and exciting; urging to a quicker and freer play of the several functions, and a fuller development of animal as well as of vegetable life. The skin becomes soft and relaxed, the heart beats with greater force and fills the vessels with a more swelling tide. The fluids of the living body are not exempt from the common law of expansion by increments of temperature, and thus occupy, as they grow warmer a larger space. Hence, if the tubes through which they flow do not yield to this distention, there must occur rupture and hemorrhage. Hence, also, the frequent headaches attended with pulsation of the neck and temples, giddiness and vertigo with great distress, both of mind and body. From this pressure upon the brain, results, in some, an inflammatory excitement upon the organ, with restlessness and irritability, while, in others, there is languor, drowsiness and great inactivity. These conditions occasionally alternate. The stomach is in many persons, at this season, affected with loss of appetite and dyspepsia, and a tendency is formed to visceral disorders of various character, destined to be dangerously developed by the poisonous influences of the coming autumn. Now if such are the risks and sufferings of the sheltered resident in our climate, what are we to anticipate for the exposed and active mechanic. In this class of subjects, fevers are apt to occur of different degrees of violence, and in the hotter summers we meet with frequent cases of insolation—*coup de soleil*—stroke of the sun, one of the forms of apoplexy. It is singular that no mention is made by Chalmers of the occurrence of apoplexies in 1752, the very hottest summer that has been noted since the settlement of this city. Lining speaks of them as frequent in 1738, and in 1824, the worst year of the present century, the cases were numerous beyond example. I myself saw professionally as many as five in a single day.



The whole number of deaths, during that season from apoplexy was 34. The nearest approach to this that I can find was in 1823, being 25. In 1822 it was but 11. In 1827, quite a hot and unhealthy summer, it was 14. Of the affection produced by exposure to the rays of the sun, and known as insolation, there are many degrees of force and intensity from a slight headache, or mere vertigo, with or without nausea and languor, to sudden and instant death; so immediate as not to allow of any kind of assistance.

Such are some of the primary and direct effects of high atmospheric temperature upon the body—the more indirect deserve next a brief notice.

Heat, it has been stated, while it expands the fluids, stimulates also the living solids. Of this stimulation, it is a natural and inevitable consequence, that after a time universal relaxation should supervene, affecting every part of the system. The functions are performed with diminished vigor, the energy of the vital powers is abated, and a degree of depression pervades the whole animal frame. The appetite is less keen, and the digestion, not only slower and less perfect, but apt to be attended with a perceptible degree of febrile irritation, from a peculiar and close sympathy, which Johnson maintains to exist between the skin and the liver, while the perspiration exudes in troublesome abundance from the irritated and relaxed surface, the bile is also poured forth in inordinate quantity, and of somewhat vitiated quality, and hence diarrhœa, cholera and dysentery, are brought on, and the slightest excess or improper indulgence in eating or drinking, is followed by severe intestinal derangement.

The above sketch of the evils to which so large, useful and respectable a portion of our community is affirmed to be of necessity, and from the nature of their employments, liable, in a special degree, at every return of spring and summer, would be melancholy indeed, if we were not prepared to point out some course of management, by which their risks may be diminished, and a reasonable prospect offered of the preservation of their health—if there were not measures, by an attention to which, setting aside all professional notice of medicines and remedial plans of treatment, a prevention, more or less absolute of these evil effects of heat, may be attained. With this view, then, I would advise a considerable reduction of the accustomed winter diet as soon as the warm season fairly sets in. Such a change in its nature should be made too, as that it shall consist chiefly of vegetable aliment—a sort of food preferred instinctively by the natives of all hot climates, as being abundantly nutritious, yet comparatively free from stimulating tendency. It is a common error to throw off our winter clothing too early, and to make too entire an alteration in our dress. This should be avoided, on account of the very sudden and impressive variations of temperature, so frequently occurring in spring; if by any of these the skin is chilled and constricted, the increasing amount of perspiratory transudation is rudely checked, and the blood must be injuriously driven inward upon the vital organs. A centrifugal determination is given to the fluids of the body by the circumstances of the season; to this we should be careful that our habits may not, in any manner, be opposed. A profound and sagacious

Italian; (Brocchi) maintains that the difference between the supposed salubrity of ancient Rome, and its present extreme unhealthfulness—the climate closely resembling that of our own low country—is best explained by a reference to the fact, that woollen garments were almost exclusively worn throughout the year by all classes. It is not irrelevant here to remark, in addition, that the experience of old sailors leads them to keep on their flannels at all seasons, and in every climate.

I am disposed from attentive observation, to sanction and recommend the use of ice and iced water, during the heats of spring and early summer. Cold thus taken internally, I cannot but look upon as one of the most effectual and grateful of all tonics; doing away better than any thing else, the feeling of vacuity and oppression at the stomach, so familiar to the unhappy dyspeptic, and felt occasionally perhaps by every body; relieving the frequent irregular sensations of irritation and disturbance, and proving abundantly diaphoretic. Indeed, I know not a more prompt and certain sudorific, whether in health or disease, than a draught of very cold water. I am not unaware or forgetful of the generally received opinion of the danger attending the use of such cold water when the body is heated. I have before me at this moment, the treatises of Rush and Currie upon the diseases occasioned by drinking cold water in hot weather. In reply to all that they have urged, I might content myself by a reference to the important discrepancies in their statements and reasonings upon the subject. Rush, attributing to the mere shock, or strong contrast, all the ill effects detailed, while Currie, whose argument is more full and ingenious, ascribes them to the debilitating influence exerted on bodies already weakened by fatigue and sweating. After due consideration of the facts stated by both, we must, I think, come to the conclusion, that some condition or circumstance essential to the production of the consequences detailed has been overlooked, or omitted, by both; that is to say, that the death in the single case, (for there is but one) noted by Currie, and in the instances quoted by him from other authors, and the deaths and symptoms recorded by Rush, were not brought about *simply* by drinking cold water either when very hot, or while cooling after having been much heated. I have never witnessed a death from the use of cold water, nor have I been able to obtain any authentic and definite account of such event having taken place in this city either before or during the period of my practice here. Yet here, if any where, such accidents should occur. Immense quantities of ice and iced fluids are daily consumed during the hottest part of the year, by persons subjected to the several conditions set down both by Rush and Currie, as calculated in the highest degree to favor the morbid influence of the dreaded agent—cold.

I cannot infer from what is said by the American physician, that he himself saw and prescribed for any of the cases he alludes to. I believe them to have been instances of insolation in which the patients being sensible of the rapid invasion of disease and at the same time suffering from thirst and internal heat, were endeavouring to procure relief from these pangs by the natural and instinctive resort to cold water when overtaken by sudden death. I know of no examinations made of the bodies of such patients, but entertain no doubt that the cases would come



under the description of apoplexy. In July 1823, a mulatto carpenter while at work on the roof of a house, about 10 o'clock of a hot day, felt himself giddy and ill. He descended as hastily as possible, grasped at some water, drank it eagerly and fell senseless and without motion. Here was a case precisely similar to those so often given in the newspapers of the Northern cities, and alluded to by physicians; by all the bystanders the attack was attributed to the cold water which the fellow had taken. But they were puzzled, when on examination the water in the vessel from which he had been drinking was found to be unpleasantly, nay nauseously tepid, having been brought into the building the afternoon before and placed in a warm situation exposed to the morning sun. The coincidence would have been complete and apparently satisfactory—though as I contend entirely deceptive—had he drank of very cold or iced water. The fact was that he had been drunk the night before, and was now struck with apoplexy. He partially recovered after being bled, &c. and now lives a paralytic.

Rush tells us, that iced *punch* and even *toddy*, when drank under the same circumstances as cold water, have been known to produce the same fatal effects. This I readily believe, and will affirm farther, that in most of the cases in which the details have been furnished me, where suspicion attached to the taking of cold drinks, punch or toddy, and not simple water was the fluid employed. Yet I would not, by any means, be understood to say, that such attacks happen exclusively to the intemperate; there are exceptions certainly, but the use of stimulants in hot weather generates a strong pre-disposition to those terrible affections of the brain, and occasions a very large majority of the sudden deaths, which are so appalling to those who witness them. I wish it to be observed, that while thus defending the internal use of cold fluids in hot weather, and while the body is heated, as neither improper nor unnatural, nor attended with any notable or peculiar risk, I do not doubt or deny the impropriety and danger of applying cold to the surface when in a relaxed state. It has been pithily said, and the truth of the remark, though apparently paradoxical, may be clearly demonstrated, that most of the diseases of hot climates and seasons arise from cold, and most of the diseases of cold climates and seasons from heat. Impressive alternations of temperature are among the most obvious sources of disease. After protracted exposure to the keen air of winter, we cannot with impunity enter a close room and sit near a warm fire. A cold, as it is called, is an almost certain effect of such a change, unless in a peculiarly well balanced constitution. In the relaxing heats of summer and autumn, the critical moment at which the application of cold to the surface is fullest of danger, seems to be, when the excitement of the muscular exertion which has quickened the pulse and heated the body, has just passed over. While engaged in active labor it is probable that a robust and healthy individual will suffer no injury from any alternation whatever. To the sound—says the proverb rather too broadly—all things are sound.

It is next in order to say a few words of the liabilities to disease of the mechanics engaged in occupations of a sedentary character—such as the tailor, the shoemaker, the saddler, the goldsmith, &c. &c. The

modes of life here referred to subject those who are engaged in them to many serious evils and disadvantages, which nothing but the necessities of civilized society can reconcile us to, and nothing but the hope of adequate reward can compensate. Some of these evils are common to all the sedentary trades, while others are peculiar and of specific nature. Under the first head we may enumerate, 1st, The mere confinement to one position, and consequent defect of muscular action. 2d, The incidental but unavoidable seclusion from fresh air. And 3d, The necessity of employing artificial heat in winter from the insufficient generation of animal heat for want of exercise.

1st. The deficiency of muscular action, when viewed physiologically, is a serious evil and likely to be productive of a long train of ill consequences. The disproportioned determination of blood to some portions of the body, which are thus apt to undergo a morbid enlargement, while the muscles of voluntary motion fail to receive their proper supply and the central organs which generate the nervous power which is the very life of life, lose their energy from want of sufficient excitement—lays the foundation for an infinite variety of disease in the sets of organs thus unequally and irregularly supplied.

2d. Seclusion from fresh and pure air must always affect the human body in a most disadvantageous manner. It is the pabulum of existence, without it every function languishes, every organ wastes and decays. The want of it is the cause of the physical inferiority of the citizen of a large town to the robust countryman and athletic forester. Witness the purlieus of St. Giles' in London, the narrow lanes of Dublin, and the cellars of New-York and Philadelphia, the wretched abode of the lazy, discontented, and disappointed freedman and negro emigrant from the sunny South and the sandy coast of Africa. It is the direct source of numerous forms of pestilence and death. Witness the black assizes of Oxford and Taunton, and the typhus fever of jails, hospitals and crowded ships, and of our close negro huts in winter. It is the foundation of an endless catalogue of chronic diseases—witness the scrofula and marasmus, the consumption and pale atrophy of all large manufacturing establishments. The demand for artificial heat is an unfortunate necessity, for supplying which, no mode free from objection has yet been invented. A cheerful fire, kept blazing in an open chimney is too expensive, too variable, and too unequal in its distribution of comfort to be selected. A stove dries the atmosphere of the apartment and consumes its oxygen with more rapidity than its imperfect ventilation supplies it; it burns the floating atoms of vegetable and animal matter which come in contact with its surface, and thus vitiates the air and renders it offensive. Besides this a *passive* subjection to elevated temperature renders us extremely liable to the ill effects of any alternation.

To treat fully of the evils peculiar to each of these sedentary occupations, would lead me into too much detail for the space allotted. Suffice it to say generally, that they consist either in too great or too little use of certain organs or parts of the body, which it is important to health that we should employ in equable or proper proportion, and none of which will bear to be too violently or unremittingly exercised. Or they depend upon and are attributable to the influence of improper or



constrained postures. Thus, those whose employments require them to sit always, develop imperfectly the muscles of the lower extremities. If they bend forward they compress the abdomen and flatten the chest, disturbing the functions of the viscera contained in both these large cavities. The goldsmith and watchmaker—add to these the injurious tendencies of the fumes of charcoal and other combustibles and fluxes, the dimness of eyes produced by exposure to strong light and intense attention to minute objects, and the pulmonary predispositions excited by the use of the blowpipe.

There remains, lastly, but one class of mechanical occupations to be spoken of—those namely, which by the nature of the materials used or worked upon, subject the operative to a specifically poisonous influence. Thus gilders suffer from the mercurial fumes which they inhale, and painters from the deleterious effluvia of the preparations of lead. A deplorable infatuation has led many to regard the several forms of ardent spirit as antidotal, or in some manner preventive of the effects of these poisonous exhalations. They possess no such property. On the contrary, there is every reason to believe, that by impairing and exhausting the vital powers, they reduce the system into a state of predisposition for the ready reception of all such evil impressions as are thus adapted to be made. The most healthy painters within my knowledge are those who follow in this regard, the strict rules of abstinence.

On these points, however, I have nothing new to offer, and now conclude the few remarks which I have endeavored to make interesting to your readers. I shall be happy, if any of the hints thus thrown out, shall be found hereafter useful to my fellow citizens.

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Ναπολεων	I
Απολεων	IV
Πολεων	VII
Ολεων	VI
Λεων	III
Εων	V
Ων	II

It is curious that the word Napoleon, taken in the above order, will, by dropping a letter each time, form a sentence of which the following is a translation:

*Napoleon being a lion, from a lion, going a destroyer of cities.*

It is true that many objections would be offered to the sentence—but the curiosity of the arrangement corresponding so immediately with the character of Napoleon, is a sufficient apology for offering it to our readers.

## THE DRUNKARD'S DEATH BED.

"What time is it, Fred?" "It wants about a quarter of three," was the answer. "Well, I don't care, I've got the 'Blacksmith's Daughter' in my pocket." "Do your people sit up for you," asked a young man of his companion, returning at this unseasonable hour from a convivial party, in ——— street, Charleston. "I have never been out before so late as this," said Fred, "and should not have remained to-night, but my father has gone to ———, and that Walton sang so delightfully, that I could not get away. The cold air makes the punch begin to affect my head—I feel a little boozy. How are you Shaw?" "Nonsense, I'm used to it," answered the young man. "I sleep in the office and can go out and in just as I please;—so long as I attend to my business while the store is open, that's all my boss cares about. Why I never miss two nights in the week without going to a party." "Well, but does it not interfere with your business," asked Fred. "I know that neither Potter nor Watson, have so much business as you, and their fellows have as much as they can manage to keep their books."

"They must be of no account then," said he, "for I know that my employers will back my book-keeping against any one in the city. No, sir, if I am fond of a spree, I despise any thing dishonorable. They pay me well, and I do their business to their satisfaction."

It was true, the young man was indeed a young man of very extraordinary natural talent. His friend sighed and wished that he could be so situated, with such abilities, to get through his business with so much ease to himself, and then devote the remainder of his time to such enjoyments. A few yards further, they came up with one of their party, who had drunk too freely. He was supporting himself by the lamp post with one hand, with the other pulling open his shirt collar. His cravat laid upon the pavement, his hat was trampled under his feet, crushed and covered with the punch and supper, which his stomach would no longer contain. He was muttering to himself, "poos, poos, pooslanimous! one hundred twentive, twenti vour." He was muttering about the winners, and the money he had lost. They took each an arm, and taking up his hat, which they restored as well as possible, led him homeward. As they approached the theatre, the lamps unextinguished still showed signs of other revellers, and here they must needs stay, because the night was cold, to take another drink. Here Fred left them to go home, while the more sober of the two led his drunken friend to his own room. It was now near four. To go home, Fred thought would be useless—he would not disturb them—they must be all gone to bed—he would take a walk until morning. The confusion of many voices, and of singing, still rang in his ears—his eyes prickled with the loss of sleep, and the many candles of a well lighted room flashed before him—he was cold and uncomfortable, but would not disturb his mother. How little does a son know a parent's anxiety! He approached the house—a light was burning in the parlor. "The servants must be up," said Fred, and he crossed the street. The door was open, and he found not, as he expected, the servants who had risen early to their



work, but his mother, sitting with her night wrapper round her, a handkerchief was in her hand—she had been weeping—she arose and kissed him. “It’s very late my boy,” was all she said. His flushed cheek and reddened eye, told her his situation. With some trouble she got him to bed. It was a sufficient reproof to him, to find his mother unable to leave the room on the following day, for well he knew the cause. His father never knew it, or if he did, took no notice of it, thinking that the punishment was sufficient in itself to one that acted conscientiously, and the regular habits of the family prevented Fred from soon falling into a similar error.

What are talents without the moral principle, or what are both without the main thing—perseverance in a religious, as well as moral point of view? Habit, however, becomes a second nature, and it was so with Fred. His father kept him constantly employed, and his hours of recreation were spent chiefly in their own family circle, and his acquaintance with his young friend was confined to their meeting in business hours. Their offices were near each other; but many a secret regret arose in his mind, many a sigh escaped him, as he considered the advantages his friend had over him—he was poor—but he was engaged to be married to the daughter of his employer, a merchant far wealthier than Fred’s father. Such were the advantages of circumstance. Regularly on a Sunday, and latterly, on a week day, could he see him passing the office window with his intended, while poor Fred was restrained to office hours, and he would dash his pen upon the desk with vexation. At length the wedding day came—Fred was invited on this occasion. Fred was permitted by his father to remain as long as he pleased; but his father, who was also present, retired at his usual hour. The preparations for the evening had been extravagantly sumptuous—the bride was an only daughter—her father was old, and her husband was now exalted from the office of clerk to be a full partner. Fred could scarcely enjoy himself. The comparison of their circumstances still haunted him. “Had I been sent from home,” said he to himself, “I might have met with the same good fortune, but to be kept at home constantly, it was what no young man ought to put up with.” He determined on mentioning it to his father on the morrow—he did so—and much to his astonishment met with a severe and very just rebuke, in the form of a lecture on ingratitude and the want of filial duty, which concluded by assuring our young hero, that many parents sent their children from home to get rid of the trouble which they caused. “I have not done this, sir,” said his father, “and all the thanks I get are dissatisfaction and murmuring. For whom am I making this money? who will receive it when I die?” “I know all that,” answered Fred, “but you can’t take it with you.” At this his father was enraged, and only answered angrily, that he might go when and where he pleased, he would provide himself with a clerk. Fred had determined on leaving home, but his mother was attacked with a severe fit of sickness, during the winter, of which she died. Fred and his father healed up their breach in tears over her corpse. He then determined on not leaving his father; nor did he, until he married and settled in one of the Northern cities. His character was now formed, and by the constant attention of his parents, he had acquired those

regular habits, which made him a steady and a good moral character.

But his friend! Those brilliant talents which dazzled but to seduce, only generated new desires, as they succeeded in obtaining the object of his present wishes. The lofty minded youth, whose success had elicited greater ambition, speculated on his own ideas and calculated rather how to live as became his income, than to improve it. His father-in-law placed every confidence in him while alive, and never even ventured to enquire into his affairs after the first year, relying on his son-in-law, from the steady manner with which he had conducted his business while a clerk. He was by no means calculated for a proprietor; while under the restraint of others, his management was good, for he had but to execute the designs of others. Now, without restraint, every whim was put in execution. He had more friends, but soon found that he had less need of such as they were. In a short time his business became a burthen to him, nor did he continue it longer than during the life of his father-in-law. He invested his capital in one of the most popular bubbles of the day, and failed. This his spirits would not bear—with a family, and again to become a clerk; he sought in wine the consolation of an imaginary happiness—it only aggravated his grief; for such is the nature of drunkenness, it renders the merry mad with mirth, until like every other madness, reason fails, and anger may be produced by the most trivial things, without reflection to control the subject. It renders the sad more miserable, by aggravating their griefs, until all feeling is destroyed. They laugh, swear and rave against misfortunes, without even attempting to redeem a loss or rectify an error; and revelry occupies the place of remorse or consideration. His family were soon rendered miserable, and he was slighted by all, who before had crowded round to share his affluence. This ruined his disposition. If he met any of them in the street, he would stop them and directly seek a quarrel, in the most abusive terms. He might be seen, even at midday, staggering in a drunken state from one side of the pavement to the other, as he passed from grog shop to grog shop, for ardent spirits now had become the substitute for wine. On one occasion, his daughter, a charming little girl, on running to inform her distressed mother of his approach, and the situation he was in, received from him a blow upon her back, which crippled her for life. Through habits of dissipation and excess, not attending to any business, he was imprisoned for debt a short time after this. How truly stinging must have been his feelings, during the confinement! Here sober reflection exposed to him his actual situation. His wife was compelled to remain at home, on account of the child, whose life was despaired of, and he had been the cause of it. Now he had no means of obtaining spirits—they were prohibited within the walls of the prison, and he had not the wherewithal to bribe the jailer. Many were the resolutions he had formed during his imprisonment. He would be reconciled to his lot, for after all, there is more real enjoyment in humble well spent, than in all the ostensible luxuries of high, life. What was the indifference of those who once professed friendship? he would not notice it. Through the exertions of his wife, he was liberated by his friends. How easy is it for those who are out of temptation's reach



to revile the fallen! During his confinement he could rail against his past conduct, and that of his associates; but no sooner had he left the jail, than he must needs call, on his way home, to visit one of his old resorts. His wife had waited anxiously, expecting him—she walked to the prison—he was liberated, but had not come home yet—where could he be gone?—perhaps to seek some employment in an office, before he returned to his home, that he might bring good news when he arrived. She waited patiently until after sunset—he never came. Late in the night was she waiting—now walking up and down the room, now standing leaning against the mantel piece; at length she heard his step, and ran to meet him—he was drunk, beastly drunk! She tried to be cheerful but could not; her countenance betrayed her remorse—he commenced a quarrel—she burst into tears—he declared, with an oath, that she wept because he had come home, he would go back again to prison, and got his hat to leave the house—his wife clung around his knees—he dashed her from him, and left her on the floor. He would that night have been carried to the watch house, but for his treating the watchman who took him up to a glass of whiskey, and after drinking until he became insensible, was carried home.

Business called Fred to Charleston. He had not as yet enquired after this friend of his youth. When walking one day past the ——— Institute, some remark or circumstance of his early life brought him to his recollection, and he determined on enquiring what could have become of him. As soon as he got home, at the very moment these thoughts were crossing his mind, two or three straggling coaches in mourning, announced a funeral. In the first, sat one woman and a little girl, chief mourners. Fred could recognize them but imperfectly. He enquired, for his satisfaction, of the first person he met, and, to his utter astonishment, ascertained that it was the widow, carrying the body of his friend to the burial ground. She was left destitute, with a crippled child. Fred was not long in finding out the distressed widow, and offering every assistance in his power. While listening anxiously to the sufferings she had endured, and his friend's miserable death, he thanked his good fortune, when he recollected the follies of his youth, and his absurd dissatisfaction. This perhaps might have been his fate. The poor little child was sitting by the fire, playing with some small pieces of card. One of them fell from her hand, and as he stooped to pick it up, he perceived that it was a pawn-broker's ticket. They had fallen from her father's pocket. The mother was ignorant of their meaning—she knew, as she said, that he had gradually disposed of all her jewels—the last was the watch which belonged to her father. "During the last week of his life, I sold part of my clothes," said she "to furnish him with spirits, for the Doctor said it was actually necessary, if there was the least chance of life, it must be through stimulants. But what a dreadful death! Never could poor creature suffer worse than he did. The most horrid fits would come upon him at times; strong convulsions, during which he would shake the very room; every muscle in his body seemed strained, until at last, he would sink exhausted on the bed. Sometimes he would be perfectly sensible, at others, while I was sitting quietly beside him, he would rise up, as if looking earnestly at something before him;

he would call me and hold out his arm to catch me, but never turn his head, as if he was afraid to look away, lest something should hurt; all at once he would bend down his head, and looking up from under his eye brows, would commence fighting the air, and at last, with a shudder, turn to hide his face in my bosom, exclaiming 'keep them away! for the love of mercy keep them away!' On one occasion, the night before he died, our little girl was at the bed side, he put forth his hand and told her to kneel down, as if to bless her. Whether it was the difficulty she had in kneeling, recalled the circumstance of her being crippled to his mind, I cannot tell, but he suddenly withdrew his hand, exclaiming, 'Oh I have no blessing to bestow—how can I bless!—miserable wretch!—out-cast from heaven!—no hope of mercy for myself!—how can I bless?' and he continued cursing himself with the bitterest imprecations. His last struggle was the worst. I cannot describe it. It took four persons to hold him, beside myself. I never could find out what it was, but when he died, there was a crash, as if the main beam of the house had broken. I could have borne poverty with him, but the disgrace his drunkenness brought on me, has nearly broken my heart." The poor widow, however, found in Fred a valuable friend. He heard her story with more than a sympathetic feeling—it was the end of one, whom he had envied in his youth—whose dazzling circumstances and talents had rendered him dissatisfied with the actual comforts of his own home—he had perhaps avoided the disgraces, miseries and pangs of a drunkard's life—perhaps the unspeakable horrors of a drunkard's death bed.

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#### HARRAS, THE BOLD SPRINGER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF KOERNER.

AN old tradition relates the bold deed of this knight; and the scene in the mountains of Saxony, is still known by the name of the "Harras-Sprung." On the bank opposite the precipice, stands on the shore, between two venerable oaks, a monument with the inscription, "Kitter Harras, der kuehne Springer." ("The knight Harras, the bold Springer.")

The height of the precipice is stated to be fifty fathoms.

In the twilight's first uncertain gleam,  
The world was awaiting the day,  
Scarce woke the earth from its morning dream,  
And the valley all tranquilly lay.  
But swift as a thought all its quiet was fled,  
With voices, and ringing of steel, and the tread  
Of galloping coursers, as prompt for the fight,  
Came forth from the wood, with his followers, a knight.

And the troop with wild shout o'er the plain rush on,  
Like a thunder storm in their course,  
And the gallant knight Harras, in armour shone,  
On his proud and foaming horse.  
They ride, as the world in the balance lay,  
Through waste and field in a pathless way,  
To reach the foe ere the evening hours,  
And rush like a storm on the hostile towers.



So through the night of the wood they glance,  
Till the morn is gaily breaking;  
But its rays gleam on many a hostile lance;  
Destruction is awaking.  
From an ambush forth upon their course,  
Dashes the foe with double force;  
And the trumpet sounds for a desperate fight,  
And the swords rush forth in the morning light.

How the woods deep echoes give back the crash,  
With a crashing, as of thunder!  
Swords ring, plumes are waving, steeds forward dash,  
And trample the fallen under.  
From a thousand wounds the blood is rushing;—  
In the fever of battle unfelt 'tis gushing;—  
And none will yield, for the awful strife  
Is for sacred freedom, and for life.

But the troop of the knight feel their strength give way;  
Brave, but o'erpowered they fall.  
The foe, with their numbers, have won the day,  
And the troopers have perished all.  
But Harras still, like a rock-built tower,  
Unconquered stands through the dreadful hour;  
And now, from the well contested fight,  
He hath broke through the ranks of the hostile might.

And back through the forest gloom he spurs,  
Over bush, through brake and plain,  
But losing the way-marks, in flight he errs,  
He cannot the path regain.  
And he bears the enemy round him close;  
And further and further he leads his foes;  
And between the branches it clears away,  
And he springs from the wood's deep night, to the day.

He has paused on a steep and rocky height;—  
The waters foam below,  
And the valley of Zschopau meets his sight  
From the precipice's brow.  
But mid woody hills far beyond the stream,  
He sees his own castle's turrets gleam,  
Its friendly glance is upon him cast,  
And he looks, and his heart beats loud and fast.

It seems as it gently called him away;  
But he has no wings, I wis;  
And his horse starts back, as well he may,  
From the dreadful precipice.  
Shuddering he thought, and one look he gave,  
Before and behind him he sees his grave;  
And he hears again, on every side,  
The hostile squadron around him ride.

He thinks, whether death amidst his foes  
Or death in the waves were best,  
Then rushes he forward, and upward throws  
A prayer for his spirit's rest.  
And louder and louder the foe he hears;  
The horse wheels back as the brink he nears;

But he spurs, 'till his heels felt the spur they gave,  
And he is below in the foaming wave.

And the bold, the dreadful leap succeeds;—  
A higher power was o'er him.  
The knight is upheld for future deeds,  
Though crushed is the steed that bore him.  
He cleaves the flood with a gallant hand,  
And his own true vassals are on the strand;  
They greet him with joy as he springs from the wave,  
Oh, God will never forsake the brave!

Augusta, (Ga.)

S. G. B.

[The following rustic song of the Ettrick Shepherd, was handed us by a literary friend and traveller, who informs us that it was never before published, and the manuscript is believed to be an autograph of the celebrated poet.]—*Ed. Jour.*

### BIRNIEBŒUZLE.

BY JAMES HOGG, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

WILL ye gae wi' me, lassie  
To the braes o' Birniebœuzle,  
Baith the airth an' sea, lassie  
I will rob to fen' ye O!  
I'll hunt the otter and the brock,  
The hart, the hare, the heathercock,  
An pu' the limpits frae the rock,  
To fatten and to fen' ye O!.

Then come awa' wi' me, lassie  
To the braes o' Birniebœuzle,  
Till the day ye die, lassie,  
Ye s'all ay hae plenty O!  
The peats I'll carry in a skull,  
The cod and ling wi' lines I'll pull,  
And reave the eggs frae mony a gull,  
To make our dishes dainty O!.

Sae cheery s'all ye be' lassie,  
At the braes o' Birniebœuzle,  
Donald Gunn and me lassie,  
Ever w'ull attend ye O!  
Though we hae neither milk nor meal,  
Nor lamb, nor mutton, beef nor veal.  
We'se fank\* the porpy and the seal,  
And that's the way we'll fen' ye O!.

And ye s'all gang sae bra' lassie,  
At the kirk o' Birniebœuzle,  
Wi' littit brogues† and a' lassie,  
Now! but ye'll be dainty O!  
And ye s'all wear when ye are wed,  
A kirtle and a highland plaid,  
An' sleep upon a heather bed,  
Sae cosie and sae canty O!.

Then if ye'll marry me laddie,  
At the kirk o' Birniebœuzle,  
My chief aim s'all be laddie,  
Ever to content ye O!  
I'll bait the lines, I'll bear the pail,  
I'll row the boat, I'll spread the sail,  
And dadd the clotters,‡ wi' a flail,  
To make our ta'tties plenty O!.

Then come awa' wi' me lassie,  
To the braes o' Birniebœuzle,  
Since ye are sae free lassie,  
Ye s'all ay hae plenty O!  
For ye s'all hae baith tups and ewes,  
And gaites and swine and stots and cows  
And be the lady o' my house,  
And that may weel content ye O!.

\*Fank.—To catch in a noose.

†Littit Brogues.—Colored Shoes.

‡And dadd the clotters.—To break the clods.



[We admit the following communication, because it is well and boldly written, and contains much truth. Some of the positions of the writer are, however, too broad. Their soundness, even, may be occasionally questioned, and the whole spirit of the article, though noble and philanthropic, is well calculated to provoke opposition. If any of our readers, therefore, feel aggrieved by it, our columns shall be promptly opened to a temperate and manly reply. We agree with the writer, that the spirit of speculation is far too rife at the West, but we do not think it is, by any means, confined to that particular section of our country. The spirit is characteristic of the American people here, there, and every where. It belongs emphatically to a young and prosperous nation, whose citizens are every where fast attaining to wealth, influence and greatness, under the inspiring impulse of free institutions. It is no crime to get rich rapidly, if one acquires his wealth honestly—nor is good husbandry—the turning one's wealth to advantage, any violation of moral or civil law, if it be not accomplished by the aid of fraud and over-reaching. The land speculators will have their day, gather their spoils and live in splendor. Purchasers go upon the ground with their eyes wide open. It is market overt. They give and take for an equivalent. It is all fair traffic. The buyer and seller understand each other. Who is deceived? It is true that the young and inexperienced, who by their fortunate investments or speculations, have risen suddenly to opulence, may grow giddy upon the unwonted elevation, but is this temptation so strong that the wiser and more advanced, the men of principle, of steady and virtuous habits and of established religious character, must be necessarily led astray and corrupted by it? We cannot think so. If the state of society be all that it is represented to be, still we cannot admit with this writer that emigration should therefore cease. It ought rather to continue. The wise and the good, the intrepid spirits of the age, who are animated and urged on by high and holy motives, should rather from all quarters throng thither, if not for the purpose of gain, yet for the more noble aim of improving the country, of elevating its character, of advancing the interests of education, morality and religion, and of rescuing it from the evils, which in the opinion of this writer, so imminently threaten it.]—*Editor Jour.*

#### SPIRIT OF EMIGRATION.

THE spirit of emigration is still rife in our community. From this cause we have lost many, and we are destined, we fear, to lose more of our worthiest citizens. Of this we complain in private. Let it now be the subject of discussion in public.

Many regard this evil as remediless. This perhaps is the reason why so little has been said, or done, to remove or check it. Thus, it does not seem to us. We feel, indeed, that this cannot be, and we so feel, because we believe most of the information which we receive respecting the West, is interested, partial and prejudiced.

It is most assuredly colored. It is too, deceptive, because it only unveils what is favorable. Vivid descriptions of the fertility of the soil of the West—of the immense fortunes which are there made—of the glorious opportunity which exists for speculation—of its bold spirit of activity and enterprize, and energy—of its high and palmy prosperity—this is what we see and hear, and read about. And this picture is so constantly held up to, and forced upon our view, that hundreds are

caught or captivated by it. Let it be admitted for a moment, that it is true. Still is there no reverse? Are there no shadows resting upon it? The brighter indeed the picture, the darker must be its contrasts. It is so here. Yet these contrasts we do not see. Hence is discussion necessary. Let it then be had. Let an effort, and an earnest effort too, be made, to spread before the public the truth, the whole truth, respecting the condition and prospects of our Western country. This is the honestest course. It is too, our safer and better course.

But there is another and a stronger reason, why we should act upon this subject. Our own security and success demand that an effort should be made, to restrain the emigrating spirit which is so prevalent among our citizens. Already have we suffered from it, and unless checked, we must sustain still deeper and wider injury. Let it then be met and mastered. Yet if we would do this—if we would stay the mighty tide which is rolling Westward, we must be active and resolved; we must rouse and enlighten the public mind, stir up the moral feelings of the people, and bring the powerful influence into play, or else cower beneath its pressure, or be borne down, or swept onward, by its resistless action. This is our alternative. We have, and can have, no other choice.

We do not profess to be uninfluenced on this subject, by either of the considerations which we have mentioned. We are not. We feel them—we admit, that we feel them—deeply—strongly. But we are induced now to open this subject from another, and to us, a more powerful motive. It is the conviction—the firm and thorough conviction—that the emigrant will not be benefited and blessed by his removal. This it is which forces us to speak out. This it is, too, which deepens and darkens our sorrow—when we meet the moving throng, or when we revisit old and familiar scenes, where once was heard the busy hum of industry, the glad sounds of merriment and the joyous songs of happiness—but where now, all, all, is dark, desolate, deserted. Were our friends improved—were they and theirs benefited or blessed by the change—serious as our cause of lamentation would be, we should be silent. But this we do not believe. Hence, do we now exert ourselves to restrain this emigrating spirit, to keep our youth and our yeomen amid old influences, around their old homes, and among their old friends.

Yet on one point we would be guarded. We do not wish to be charged with illiberality of feeling, or narrowness of view. We disclaim any, and all such bias. No one can rejoice in the prosperity of the West more than we. Our prayer is, that it may continue, and brighten and increase. If then, any thoughts which we may utter should fall harshly upon the ears, or sound rudely upon the minds of any of our readers, let them remember, that we speak them, because we believe them to be true, because we believe they may do good, and because we believe they may uphold and strengthen, and perpetuate home interests, and the State's welfare. This is our motive. For this cause we labor. Cold then must be his heart, narrow indeed his views, who cannot sympathize with such a spirit—who does not approve its principle of action, even though the opinions upon which it is based are deemed wrong, unwise, and it may be, unjust.



Let us make the issue fairly. Ought those who are doing well, or who can do well here, to remove to the West? This is the question which we are to discuss, and upon the merits of which, all ought to be informed. But to do the former well, or understand the latter correctly, we must know what is the condition of the Western country. Let this then, be our first consideration. What is its condition?

In a pecuniary point of view, its prosperity is unparalled. It is rich. It affords full occasion for large and successful investment. It gives to speculatists every opportunity for full employment and for rapid accumulation. Every thing—all kinds of property sell well; and all which we see or hear, bespeak a people in the possession of a generous competence, and large and extended means.

The West indeed, is not understood. Few can realize its condition. Let us be told that the simple advance in the value of lands within the last two years, has secured often to insolvency—competence, and to competence wealth, and few would believe the declaration. Yet this is so. True—much that we read and hear of it, is exaggeration, but the truth itself, when spoken, will often sound to distant or distrustful ears, like exaggeration. So great—so rapid—so wonderful has been its improvement, and the extension of its means. To prove the correctness of these remarks, let us stand, in imagination, some fourteen years back, upon the noble banks of the Alabama. And what do we see around us? We *feel* indeed, but it is a feeling which the deep silence of the wilderness inspires; a feeling of awe and solemnity; for it is Nature's voice; it is Nature's power alone, which moves and excites us. Then the country was an unbroken forest—with its fertile lands and its noble streams, untouched and unimproved by the arm or the art of man. Yet now all is changed—and upon that stream we behold signs of wealth and civilization, and the power of a great and growing people. But there are facts still more striking. Let us take our position upon the bold and beautiful bluffs of the Tombigbee, only five years back. And what do we see? Before us, and around us, is a rich and a beautiful country. None can be more so. Yet it is the Indian's hunting ground and home. But now, it is studded with large plantations and fine farms, and, near us, is looming up, as it were, in the forest, a large and growing city! Such was the West. Such is it now. It is then, in a most flourishing condition. It does enjoy a high and palmy prosperity.

Now it is said often—we hear it every day, and every where—that this prosperity cannot continue. Why? What is to disturb or destroy it? There may be—there will be, in all probability—events happening which will affect it. But what is there which now exists, or which can hereafter exist, which will prostrate this Western prosperity? We know of nothing, nor do we believe that any thing *can* seriously retard its progress, or curtail its wealth. Of one fact we are assured. While cotton can be cultivated profitably, it must prosper. For so great is the fertility of its soil, so extensive its commercial facilities, so immense its resources, that nothing but the disuse of cotton can render it a poor, or a deserted country. Let the West begin to fail, and we sink. Let it totter, and we fall. We must then think—we do indeed believe—that years will only invigorate Western enterprize, and increase West-

ern wealth, and give stability to Western prosperity. May it ever be so.

If then money, if the heaping up of gold, were the only, or the highest considerations, the West ought to become our home. But this is not so. We trust too, that it may never become so. There is another and a more important question to be asked, and to be answered; and melancholy will it be for him, (may it be otherwise) who does not ask it in a right spirit, and answer it in honesty and truth. This then is the question. What is the moral condition of the West? For if this be bad, no temptation, no pecuniary advantages, ought to induce us to abide there.

A state of prosperity is a dangerous state. It is, we admit, desirable. All seek after it, and all ought to seek after it. It is, nevertheless, a dangerous state. No man can enter it without trembling. It proves him. If there be flaw or falsehood about him, if he be cold, or calculating, or selfish; if his spirit is at war with the nobler aspirings of his nature; if he be dead to the voice of humanity, of virtue, of religion; then is prosperity a curse—a blight of hell. For if there be aught of all this about him, or in him, it will then discover and disclose itself; it will then out. Prosperity, therefore, is a trial. It proves so to the individual man. It is so to the community. How is the West affected? What is the influence which is exercised in this, its day of progress, and proud prosperity?

Much depends upon the education of society. Much do we say? Rather, let us declare, that every thing depends upon it. We have stated the wealth of the West to be great. It is so. But how has it been accumulated? Has it been there, as with us, that labor by slow and sure progress, has secured to itself competence? Has it been there, as with us, that mind, after years of wholesome exertion and noble toil, has garnered up enough for its wants—that men have pursued the old paths, and the peaceful paths, gaining by degrees, until their store was sufficient? Far from it. Its history, in this respect, may be told in a few words. It was poor. It is rich. And it is rich too, not from long continued toil—not from steady sustained efforts—but from a few years of action and of speculation! For it is not, as some suppose, the planting interest which has secured so much of wealth to the West; however much it may, in time to come, increase. It is not, we say, the planting interest—it is early and continued speculation. This is the great cause of its prosperity and wealth. Thus do we see, that a money making spirit and a speculating spirit, first controlled and directed our Western brethren. This was their early instruction. This has been their education. But if such were the early tendency and influence of society, this tendency and influence have been strengthened and increased by exercise—have grown with its growth. Its very prosperity, indeed, has given a new force to its habits, and a new power to its passion. Money, there, is every thing. It is the great aim, it is the stirring consideration, which influences, rouses, inflames, the whole community; and it is, we had almost said, the only aim, the only consideration, which does influence, rouse, or inflame. Take your station in the city, or go forth into the country. And what is the spirit manifested? What do we hear? It is of bargain, and sale, and profit—it is of



investments; of fortunes made, and fortunes to be made. These are the common themes. Upon these all thought, all energy, centres. These occupy—engross—the whole society. This is its spirit, tone and temper. Let us not be misunderstood. We mean not to say, that there are not individuals who have escaped this influence, who are uncontaminated by this temper. Such there are—many such—and they are the purer and the nobler for thus battling against, and triumphing over, a common evil. But we speak of the mass. We speak of the influence and the spirit of the whole society—and this influence—this spirit—is decidedly—emphatically—a money making, a speculating influence and spirit.

What then, is the effect which this spirit *must* exercise upon the community?

It is bad. We dread indeed to think of it. We dislike to declare it. The love of money upon character is always bad. A man bowing down before wealth, garnering it up to gloat upon, and to idolize it, and centering upon senseless matter, all his passion and all his energy! A noble nature brutalized—tearing itself from purer sympathies and holier affections—enwrapping itself in all a miser's meanness and misery! Who does not recoil from such a picture? Who is not terrified at such a result? Yet this picture must be true—this result must follow—where any society becomes absorbed in money seeking and money getting.

Let us not be told of the hospitality which ever and every where, meets the stranger in the West. This is not necessarily a virtue. Is the poor man, whose hard earned mite is bestowed in the support of religion, of virtue, of charity, *not* good, because he does not seek out the stranger, and bid him welcome? Not so. Nor is he, whose wealth is great, virtuous or virtuously kind, because he welcomes the stranger with a warm hearted hospitality. But we will not cavil about motives. It is enough for us to know, that there *is* a generous hospitality in the West—a hospitality unbounded, marked, delightful. Let all applause be bestowed upon this spirit. It deserves and should receive it. And there is too in the West, a freedom—a fearlessness—of opinion and of energy—which is a still higher honor. We meet it every where. It is indeed a prominent feature in its society. And were it well directed—were it as earnest and as bold—O! did it feel, as vividly and as stirringly, in its enquiries after, in its search for truth, for moral attainment, for intellectual cultivation, as in its enquiry after, its search for, wealth—it would be a glorious, a great country. But this is the difficulty—a difficulty upon which we have not the time, nor the inclination, now to dwell. Let it be admitted then, that these things are so—let it be, that hospitality and kindness, and freedom of thought, and fearlessness in the expression of opinion, high and noble virtues, exist in the West. Still these virtues have not controlled, and do not, control the spirit or the influence of its society. And this is now manifested, in the bold and adventurous spirit of speculation which exists in the West. This is indeed its marked characteristic. It seeks and delights most, in the terrible excitement attendant upon rash risk and wild venture. Credit there obtains to a great extent. To hazard, therefore, all upon the turn of the die, is nothing, it is a common, an every day transaction. The opportunity is all that is asked. Risk is desired—is expected—and that

man would be deemed a coward, who feared or faltered, when wealth was to be secured, as it were, at a dash. Nor is the amount involved any thing. Be it, that individuals possess limited means—be it, that in case of failure, they will be unable to fulfil their contracts. This is nothing. All is to be risked, because wealth may be secured. This is one of the results of a money-making spirit. This is now its result upon the West. It is manifested too, in its deadening and debasing influence upon the higher and holier affections of our nature. It renders powerless the influence of home, and home associations. No man is settled in the West. People build houses, and buy plantations, and make improvements, not to live in them or upon them, not to enjoy them, but to sell at a profit. Go where we will, converse with whom we please, and we shall scarce meet with any one who does not wish, nay, who does not *seek*, to part from his property. This is the common disposition. It is a disposition too, which exerts a powerful sway upon the community—which is felt every where—which feeds the passion for gain—which weakens the dearest ties of nature—which reaches a father's heart—which corrupts a son's purer feelings.

But it is further manifested in the recklessness, the immorality, which exists, and which defies public scorn, and braves the severity of the law. There is a carelessness of conduct in the West—a rough indifference to others rights, and a fierce assertion of one's own, which must surprize and startle the stranger. This exists every where, and produces every where, its natural consequences. The tolling of the Sabbath bell creates no solemnity, and stays not the day's business. A difference of opinion excites no respect, but arouses a fearless and a bitter opposition. A difficulty about rights begets personal strife; and as every man wears his stiletto or his pistol, life is frequently lost in the contest. We have been often struck, and terrified too, not at the quarrel and the bout, but at the utter indifference with which men gaze upon the deadly conflict. It seems in some places to be a matter of course. There is, indeed, a melancholy contrast between the West and this section of our common country, in all these respects—a contrast, which must strike the religious patriot with fear and anxiety, and which none can regret more than the pure and undefiled, who are compelled to witness it.

We often hear it said in the West—it is often said here too—"Oh! these are things to be expected. This is always so, in new countries. Time will cure all." That may be. But the argument is not sound. True, the West is a new country, but its inhabitants are nearly all from the old States. The majority of them have been well brought up, and a large portion of them are men of character, and might control and direct society. Why is this not done? How happens it, that the West, enjoying advantages which our fathers never enjoyed—the benefits of commercial facilities, of printing, of schools, of bible and temperance societies, and the full preaching of the gospel—how is it, that with all these advantages, it is still rude, and rough, and reckless, and immoral too, in conduct? It is not because it is a new country. It is because it is occupied in *one* pursuit—because the *one* feeling of the community is the *strong* feeling—because it is engaged—absorbed—in money making. This is the reason why good men no not bear



down bad men. This is the reason why selfishness, and immorality, and crime, prevail to so great an extent in the West. The fault is, not in the want, but in the abuse of its moral light, and mental intelligence.

Time, indeed, may cure all. God grant that it may, and quickly. But there are causes operating, in the West, and upon the West—causes powerful and extensive—which must continue these evils, because they keep alive, and invigorate its selfish, sordid, speculating spirit. The sudden accumulation of wealth is always injurious to individuals, or to communities. This is the voice of experience. It is, too, the voice of reason and religion. We need not refer merely to what *has* been, we can, and we do, refer to what *is*, when we say, that the wealth of the West is still and rapidly increasing. Imagine then, its effect. Imagine thousands, not prepared for it, who once deemed the bare means of subsistence a blessing—who once regarded a competence, as the highest good. Imagine thousands thus situated, realizing from speculation, from the advance in property, great wealth, and what must we not fear for the community in which such is the fact? It must tend to foster and to feed the money making spirit, to increase selfishness, dissipation, immorality, and crime.

But there is another cause felt and to be feared. This arises from the fact, that while the West is the field, it is not the home of speculators. This feeling is general. It exists even among the merchants. Most of them go thither merely to make money. That accomplished, they retire to other and distant homes. But this is emphatically the case with regard to capitalists—small and great. They go there—but it is merely to speculate. They go there, only to remain for a season—they are not identified with the country—they mean not to live in it. Hence, all the evil influence which their example occasions, all the bad feelings which their habits awaken and increase, all the selfishness which their pursuits and labors create, are only new and additional sources of evil, acting upon tendencies and dispositions already bad. It is, perhaps, owing to this cause, more than to any other, that the spirit of speculation is so general in the West; for it extends to all classes, all feel, all are influenced by it—none escape, not even they who have dedicated themselves to the Most High keep aloof, but are seen mingling in the crowd, speculating, and becoming members of speculating companies, and acting with an eagerness, an intensity of feeling, which would much better adorn their nobler calling. We may be pardoned then, if with these facts before us—if, with a knowledge of the causes which are now operating upon the West, we conclude that the evils which beset and brood over it, are of no common character, and can be mastered by no common means.

Nor is it to be concealed from us, nor ought it to be concealed from the West, that a time of trial and of danger is approaching, which will test it for lasting good or evil. The country is fast filling up. The lands are, or soon will be, purchased. The cities too, and the towns, must soon attain a point, from which their growth must be slower, and steadier. The causes for speculation ceasing, foreign capital being withdrawn, and foreign capitalists withdrawing from the country, and its own

people, no longer finding such temptation and such opportunities to gather in and hoard up, wealth—they must begin to look within—to turn their attention homewards—to think more, and act less, or rather to act in the common way—laboring steadily, living regularly, and adding to their property by degrees. The time then, for speculation and for excitement is to cease, and the public mind, so long lashed by excitement, so long wrought upon, and agonized with one object, one pursuit, must soon be unstrung.

Now this will be its trial, and this is its danger. It is a fearful state, it is an awful crisis. To be all action, fevered with hope and fierce in pursuit—torn—borne down with anxiety and fear—with all the anxiety and fear which speculation, and the selfishness which speculation engenders, can excite—and in a short time, without preparation, without forethought, to cease this action, to have this hope and anxiety and fear, and all the causes which produce it, removed, dashed—this is, this must be, to any man, to any people, a time of trial and of danger. Yet this day is to be, and it will be, soon. What *then* will be the fate of the West? How then will its energies be applied? Will its good sense redeem it from a sensual, selfish thralldom? Will its moral power rise up and tear off the golden fetters, which have so long bound and borne down its nobler feelings? It must stand thus redeemed, or else it will be mastered by a passion—will yield its proud intellect to the cold and cramping power of avarice, or sink into moral debasement, entranced by the senseless glare of wealth, and allured by show, by extravagance, by dissipation, to seek for happiness where it can never be found, to assume an importance which can never be felt. The day then, let it arrive when it may, which finds the West compelled to follow the old paths, and the peaceful habits of other lands—the paths and habits of steady, earnest, regular labor—this day will be to it, a day of trial and of danger. May it escape! May it find itself on safe ground, boldly and bravely mastering the marked and immoral spirit which its own pursuit, and its own, and a foreign, influence, have so firmly fastened upon it.

This, then, is our conclusion. The pecuniary prosperity of the West is great—its moral and social condition is bad. And not only so—but there are causes operating, which unless checked, must tend to render it still worse. Ought we then, to go thither. Ought we to emigrate to a country which is controlled by influences so prejudicial? This is the enquiry. Let it be pressed home to every one.

Before, however, we answer this question, it may be as well, to ask whether there exists any *necessity* for any one's emigrating? We think there is none. Every citizen can live well, and do well, here; and there breathes not the man, who by industry and economy cannot secure a competence. There is then, no necessity for our removal. Why then go? Why be discontented where we are? All emigrate to improve their condition—to improve it by adding to their store and increasing their wealth. This is their motive—this is the end. Now will such be the result? Let this be our first enquiry under this head. And this we propose, in order not only to make a full and fair issue, but to consider the subject in the most favorable light, to all those who are disposed to emigrate.



Shall we then, in all probability, benefit ourselves by a removal to the West? We say not. In money matters, indeed, we may. But is this enough? Can this satisfy the wants of the mind, or meet the wants of the heart? Is wealth all that is necessary? It is not. It is a means, and only a means. It cannot purchase health, or happiness, or holiness. It cannot secure to us self-respect, or virtuous homage, or unbought affection. It does not any where establish character. No. All good, all nobleness, all happiness must exist within, and originate from within—and that mind which toils after these virtues in something beyond itself, something foreign, will toil in vain, will struggle on hopelessly and forever. The nobler and the purer power—the power, indeed, which makes life joyous, and which ordains the labors and the earnings of life to be blessings—this power centres alone in the soul of man. Wealth then, is only hallowed, and can only be hallowed, when all is right there; when it is received and used as a means, and not relied upon as an end, as a thing to be loved, to be worshipped. It is wrong, therefore to say, it is dangerous, indeed to conclude, that we shall be benefited, that we and ours shall be blessed in a removal, because we can increase our wealth. Rather should we fear, that injury, serious and extensive, and not benefit or blessing would result to us from this cause.

We say not, too, upon grounds which experience sanctions and reason confirms. It was the prayer, indeed, of the wise man, give me neither poverty nor riches, let me seek, let me be content with competence. And it was a wise prayer—it is a prayer too, which all should feel, which all should offer up. But what is it which induces emigration? It is to increase our store. The very spirit then which influences us is a strong argument to prove, that we cannot be benefited by the change. Let it not be supposed, that we are arguing against wealth, or the obtaining of wealth. Let it be amassed. We like to see men earnest and anxious, to improve their condition. What we oppose is the making of wealth—the end—the aim of life. We say then, that the very spirit which causes emigration, makes the probabilities unfavorable to emigrants. For what is their conduct? They leave a country, in which all progress is, as it ought to be, slow but sure—in which wealth can be obtained only by long perseverance and continued application, to abide among a people, who toil, struggle, contend, grasp for it, as though it were all in all. Now, influenced as they are, can they, will they, be benefited by this removal? We fear they will not. Far rather ought they to toil for their daily bread, and enjoy a free and fearless spirit, than possess wealth, and thus cramp and narrow that spirit by avarice, by selfish extravagance or debasing dissipation.

We own, however, that we do not believe it probable, and we speak from no limited observation or small experience, we are indeed almost induced to say *possible*, but we do not believe it at all probable, that any man will be benefited by emigrating to the West. For what is its condition? What is the *spirit* of its society? It is, as we have said, and which we now repeat, because it cannot be repeated too often, one of excitement—it is one of intense, powerful action—it is one which presses the public mind with care and anxiety—it is one which is engrossed—overwhelmed—with monied schemes, and risks and

speculation—it is a spirit of evil. For it masters the mind with unholy passion, sinks it to a selfish and a sensual level, and gathers around the heart of society, an ice-bound power—the power of avarice, the power of self deception, the power of sin. And O! if there be any thing which can move our sympathy, or excite our sorrow, it is the sight of a proud and intelligent people, thus restless, uneasy, excited, tortured, absorbed in a fierce, maddening pursuit after gain. Yet, such is, to a great extent, the condition of the West. *This is its prevailing spirit.* Now can emigrants be blessed by going thither? Escape the common influence they may; but they cannot be benefited and blessed by their change. For if they do escape—if they are not borne down by the current, they must be thrown upon the strand, and left alone and isolated—the brighter and purer, indeed, for their isolation—yet still sad and sorrowful, at beholding the general moral ruin which exists around them. But will they escape? We fear not. Better, far then, will it be for them, and for us, to despise wealth, rather than sink beneath its glare, to suffer from utter poverty of the purse, rather than poverty of the soul.

Now we know, as before intimated, that some, let them go where they may, are always safe and well. A few there are—bold and noble spirits—true hearted and clear headed men—who can resist—who do overcome earth, and earth's temptations. But it is not so with the many. There are those who are not firm, who can be tempted and led astray—there are those who have no decided opinions, who act from no settled principles, who are borne on, and kept up, only by the good influences which surround them—there are those, too, who as yet have formed no character—the youth of the land—ardent—with hearts all glowing and generous, and free—who are to be impressed, and who must be impressed, for good or for evil, by the spirit of society. Is nothing to be said, or thought, or done, for all these? Are they to be left alone to buffet with the rude current which may overwhelm and ruin them? Let it not be so. They are our care. They ought to be the care of every community. Let it then not be so. For these constitute the majority of society, and to them, and to us, it is all important whether they shall be taught, forced as it were, by general example and artificial stimulus—to consider traffic, barter, speculation, and wealth, as the great ends of life. Yet this must be so, if our old men, and the fathers of young men, go where this is the spirit of the people.

But we care not how, or what, comparison may be instituted between this and the Western section of our country. It must be favorable to us. It must support our views. No man does, no man can, act without regard to his happiness. Now this is, as we have said, more dependent upon the mind, upon the inner man, than all other causes combined. Yet there are outward circumstances, outward influences, which do affect it. Let the citizen feel that order is preserved, property protected, and virtue encouraged—let him behold the school-master abroad and respected—let him know that religion is elevated, and is elevating the public character—and he must and will be happy. We do not say that this is a true picture of our community; yet we do say, that all its greater influences, all its strong under currents are being exerted, are



felt for this good and glorious end. But is this so in the West? Are these strong influences actively at work there? They are not. These then—these great privileges—this great good—must be given up by those who emigrate. Let us then cling the closer to, and hold still dearer, those influences which can benefit and bless, which do nurture and nourish the soul's nobler qualities and higher powers.

Ought we then to emigrate? We put this question now in its moral aspect. Let the answer then be in accordance with our views of moral duty. Be it that by so doing we can become rich—that we can gain more than heart may desire, or ambition seek—still, situated as the West now is, ought we to emigrate? We say not. We think not. What! Barter for wealth, influences which extend our social means, which encourage our social virtues, which elevate the mental and moral views of the people, which uphold and strengthen the power of religion and virtue—never, never, let it be so. To our youth, full of generous feeling, ingenuous, warm hearted, it is an enquiry of the last importance, whether they are to risk, whether they ought to risk, all their nobler and purer thoughts and associations, all their higher and holier impressions, amid the mighty influence of a society, sordid, selfish, sensual. But to the father, this is a fearful question—a question of awful import. For what is his conduct? What does he obtain by emigrating? For wealth—for poor and paltry gain—he forsakes a quiet home, and good influences, and rears up his children in a community, the spirit of which must endanger the firm and tempt even the pure? Ought this to be so? No, No! To him then, and to all, would we say, be content, and remain where you are. Remain amid old influences, and the strong and strengthening power of old associations. Remain where education, and all the comforts conveniences and circumstances of life, render life a blessing, and where no avaricious passion, no grasping spirit, no wild speculation, no selfish, sordid feeling touch and taint society. Remain—and if we possess not the gilded glare of Western prosperity, there will yet light upon and linger around us, the milder and purer rays of religion, and of virtue.

A SOUTH CAROLINIAN.

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#### MATRIMONIAL QUERY.

If a lady in habits of correspondence with a gentleman, always concludes her letters with the assurance, "I am yours," does she mean thereby to *give herself away to him*?

*Answer.*—Doubtful. Such language, however, would seem to indicate a previous understanding, or, at any rate, might give birth to hope.

## SOUTHERN PASSAGES AND PICTURES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ATALANTIS."

## V.

## THE WESTERN EMIGRANTS.

AN aged man, whose head, some seventy years  
 Had snow'd on freely, led the caravan;—  
 His sons and sons' sons, and their families,  
 Tall youths and sunny maidens, a glad groupe,  
 That glowed in generous blood, and had no care,  
 And little thought of the future, followed him;—  
 Some perch'd on gallant steeds, others, more slow,  
 The infants and the matrons of the flock,  
 In coach and jersey,—but all moving on  
 To the new land of promise, full of dreams  
 Of Western riches, Mississippi-mad!  
 Then came the *hands*, some forty-five or more,  
 Their moderate wealth united—some in carts,  
 Laden with mattresses;—on ponies some;  
 Others, more sturdy, following close a-foot,  
 Chattering like jays, and keeping, as they went,  
 Good time to Juba's creaking violin.

I met and spoke them. The old patriarch,  
 The grand-sire of that goodly family,  
 Told me his story, and a few brief words  
 Unfolded that of thousands. Discontent,  
 With a vague yearning for a better clime,  
 And richer fields than thine, old Carolina,  
 Led him to roam. Yet did he not complain  
 Of thee, old mother—mother still to me,  
 Though never more may I be rank'd thy son.  
 Thou had'st not chided him, nor trampled down  
 His pride nor his ambition. He knew thee not,  
 As I, by graves and sorrows. Thy bright sun,  
 Had always yielded flowers and fruits to him,  
 And thy indulgence and continued smiles,  
 Had made his pittance, plenty. Yet he fled  
 To a wild region, where the unploughed fields  
 Were stagnant with their waste fertility,  
 And longed for labor. His were sparkling dreams,  
 As fond as those of boyhood. Golden stores,  
 They promised him in Mississippian vales,  
 Out-shining all the past, atoning well—  
 So thought he idly—for the home he leaves,  
 The grave he should have chosen, and the walks,  
 And well known fitness of his ancient woods.  
 Self-exiled, in his age he hath gone forth,  
 To the abodes of strangers,—seeking wealth—  
 Not wealth, but money! Heavens! what wealth we give,  
 Daily, for money! What affections sweet,—  
 What dear abodes—what blessing, happy joys—  
 What hopes, what hearts, what affluence, what ties,  
 In a mad barter where we lose our all,  
 For that which an old trunk, a few feet square,  
 May compass like our coffin! That old man  
 Can take no root again! He has snapp'd off



The ancient tendrils, and in foreign clay  
His branches will all wither. Yet he goes,  
Falsely persuaded that a bloated purse  
Is an affection—is a life—a lease,  
Renewing life, with all its thousand ties,  
Of exquisite endearment—flowery twines,  
That, like the purple parasites of March,  
Shall wrap his aged trunk, and beautify,  
Even while they shelter. I could weep for him,  
Thus banish'd by that madness of the heart,  
But that mine own fate, not like his self-chosen,  
Is not less desolate, and to me more dread.

There is an exile. 'Tis not when one goes  
To dwell in other regions—from his home,  
Removed by the deep waters. Change of place  
Is seldom exile. Thus it has been called,  
But vainly. There's another banishment,  
To which such fate were gentle. 'Tis to be  
An exile on the spot where you were born;—  
A stranger on the hearth which saw your youth,—  
Banish'd from hearts to which your heart is turn'd;—  
Unbless'd by those, from whose o'er watchful love,  
Your heart would drink all blessings:—'Tis to be,  
In your own land—the native land whose soil,  
First gave you birth; whose air still nourishes,—  
If that may nourish which denies all care  
And ev'ry sympathy;—and whose breast sustains,—  
A stranger—hopeless of the faded hours,  
And reckless of the future;—a lone tree  
To which no tendril clings—whose desolate boughs  
Are scathed by angry winters, and bereft  
Of the green leaves that cherish and adorn.

## VI.

## THE EDGE OF THE SWAMP.

'Tis a wild spot and hath a gloomy look,  
The bird sings never merrily in the trees,  
And the young leaves seem blighted—a rank growth  
Spreads poisonously round, with pow'r to taint  
With blistering dews the thoughtless hand that dares  
To penetrate their covert. Cypressess  
Crowd on the dank, wet earth: and stretched at length,  
The Cayman—a fit dweller in such home—  
Slumbers, half-buried in the sedgy grass,  
Beside the green ooze where he shelters him.  
A whooping crane erects his skeleton form,  
And shrieks in flight. Two summer ducks aroused  
To apprehension, as they hear his cry,  
Dash up from the lagoon, with marvellous haste,  
Following his guidance. Meetly taught by these,  
And startled at our rapid, near approach,  
The steel-jawed monster, from his grassy bed,  
Crawls slowly to his slimy, green abode,  
Which straight receives him. You behold him now,  
His ridgy back uprising as he speeds,  
In silence, to the centre of the stream,  
Whence his head peers alone. A butterfly,  
That, travelling all the day, has counted climes,  
Only by flowers, to rest himself awhile,

Lights on the monster's brow. The surly mute  
 Straightway goes down, so suddenly that he,  
 The dandy of the summer flow'rs and woods  
 Dips his light wings, and spoils his golden coat,  
 With the rank water of that turbid pond.  
 Wondering and vex'd, the plumed citizen,  
 Flies, with an hurried effort to the shore,  
 Seeking his kindred flow'rs:—but seeks in vain,  
 Nothing of genial growth may there be seen,  
 Nothing of beautiful! Wild, ragged trees,  
 That look like felon spectres—fetid shrubs,  
 That taint the gloomy atmosphere—dusk shades,  
 That gather, half a cloud and half a fiend,  
 In aspect, lurking on the swamp's wild edge;—  
 Wrap with their sternness and forbidding frowns  
 The general prospect. The sad butterfly,  
 Waving his lacquer'd wings, darts quickly on,  
 And, by his free flight, counsels us to speed,  
 For better lodgings, and a scene more sweet  
 Than these drear borders offer us to night.

## VII.

## THE TRAVELLER'S REST.

WRITTEN IN THE CHOCTAW NATION, MISSISSIPPI.

## I.

Oh, sweetly dear beneath these spreading trees,  
 In noon day's fervor calmly to recline,  
 While, arched above us in the waving breeze,  
 Hangs the broad foliage of the summer vine;  
 And trickling at our feet the lucid stream,  
 In clear, unbroken murmurs, glides along,  
 Glittering beneath the sun's unclouded beam,  
 And wrought to music by the young bird's song.

## II.

And nothing comes to break the quiet lay,  
 While through the moaning pine trees, bending wide,  
 The fickle zephyr keeps its amorous way,  
 Detaching the brown leaves on every side—  
 And far removed from human hope or fear  
 Where man has scarcely ever dared to come,  
 Borne like a murmur to the drowsy ear,  
 Swells fitfully the busy bee-tree's hum.

## III.

Oh, thus remotely safe from worldly strife,  
 Free from the gnawing cares the crowd that wait,  
 How sweet to rove the pleasant paths of life,  
 Unscathed by treacherous love, or hostile hate;—  
 Where, rack'd by no extreme of joy or ill,  
 We mourn no fleeting hopes, no fears of youth;—  
 Where all of life we know, the wild, the still,  
 Bears ever more the print and palm of truth.

## IV.

Swift as the hunted red-deer, could my feet  
 Compass the weary wastes that now divide,  
 Thy form from mine, my beautiful and sweet,  
 How soon, dear love, I'd clasp thee to my side;—



Here, could we wing away uncounted hours,  
Here taste each joy the fancy's eye may see,  
Thou finding, at each step, but blooms and flow'rs,  
I, fairer flow'rs, and richer, bloom in these!

## VIII.

## THE SHADE TREES.

God bless the hand that planted these old trees  
Here by the wayside. While the August sun,  
Sends down his brazen arrows on the plain,  
They give us shelter. Panting in their shade,  
We gaze upon the path o'er which we came,  
And, in the green leaves overhead, rejoice!  
Far as the eye may reach, the sands spread out  
A granulated blaze, pain the dim sense,  
And vex the slumberous spirit, with their glare.  
Like some o'erpolished mirror, they give back  
The sun's intenser fires. The green snake writhes  
To run along the track—the lizard creeps,  
Carefully tender, o'er the wither'd leaves,  
And shun's the way side, which in early Spring,  
He travelled only;—while, on the moist track,  
Where ran a small brook out, a shining groupe,  
Of butterflies, fold up their wearied wings,  
Mottled with gold and purple, and cling close  
To the dank surface, drawing the coolness thence  
Which the white sands deny. A thousand forms,—  
Insect and fly, and the capricious bird,  
Ere-while, that sang so gaily in the Spring  
To his just wedded partner,—forms of life,  
And most irregular impulse—all seem press'd,  
As by the approach of death; and in the shade,  
Hiding in leafy coverts, and the dense groves,  
Where pines make natural temples for fond hearts,  
And hopeless mourners,—seem in dread to wait  
Some shock of Nature. Summer reigns supreme,  
With power like that of death. and here, beneath,  
This most refreshing shelter of old trees,  
We hear her murmuring voice from out the ground,  
Where work her agents; like the busy hum  
From out the shops of labor, or from far,  
The excited beating of an army's pulse,  
Mix'd in some solemn service.

'Twas a thought

Of good, worthy the ancient patriarchs,  
Of him, who first, in the denying earth,  
Planted these oaks. Heaven for the kindly deed,  
Look on his errors kindly! He hath had  
A most benevolent thought to serve his kind,  
And felt, in truth, that principle of love,  
For the wide, various family of man,  
Which is the true religion. Happy for mankind,  
Were such the toil of all who clamour much,  
And mouth in sacred texts,—vexing the heart  
With disputation. Better far to seek  
The distant wayside, and with kindly hand,  
Sink deep the shade-tree's roots, whose friendly leaves  
The Pilgrim blesses, while he blesses them!

## BRYNHILDA.

## FRAGMENT OF A DANISH LEGEND.

THE moon had set as the chieftain journeyed South towards Franconia, and, as he left the Spring, the shadows fell so thick upon the mountains, that he soon lost all traces of the beaten path he had hitherto followed. Having wandered some time without being able to regain it, he despaired of finding the travelled highway, until the dispersing of the clouds should allow him sufficient starlight to pursue his journey. But the clouds which Sigurdr anxiously watched, sank into denser masses of sluggish vapor, the blackness of which was occasionally pierced by streams of vivid lightning; the heavy peals of distant thunder, and the deep, sad moaning of the tall pine tops, swayed by the hoarse blast, indicated the speedy approach of a tempest. The chief sought shelter from the coming storm through the thick wood. Did he heed the pelting rain, or the howling winds? No! But he would preserve unsullied his bright armor, 'till it should be moistened with the blood of a foe.

He soon emerged from the forest, and to his joy, a light appeared at some distance. Long and weary to the warrior, and his jaded steed, seemed the intervening space; and on his nearer approach, he was vexed to perceive that the flame proceeded from the summit of a mountain, seemingly inaccessible. The light was steady and brilliant, notwithstanding the sweeping winds, that surged among the thick boughs of the wood, and rocked the strong trunks that had stood for centuries. "It is some funeral rite," cried Sigurdr, "which the priests are offering, or some sacrifice to avert the wrath of him who rides the tempest!" But he saw no funeral torches, nor did the blast bring to his ear, the sound of the wild and solemn death chant; and as he attempted to spur his horse up the steep mountain side, he became aware that he was trespassing upon the scene of more mysterious orgies.

A small blue flame ran around the base of the mountain, scarcely perceptible however, in the light of the larger one, which played upon the rugged rocks with a mocking splendor. Sigurdr paused ere he invaded the haunt of supernatural revellers.

"I have reached the abode of the dwarfs," thought he, "so seldom revealed to mortal eyes; and shall I shrink from viewing them face to face? Did not Hialmar win from them the sword which Angrim had wrung from the offspring of Odin? Shall the slayer of monarchs be less fortunate?"

So saying, he bound on his golden spurs, and holding aloft the sword which had drunk the blood of Fofner, dashed through the mystic circle, and strove to ascend the rocks—deafening was the sound that burst upon his ear; it seemed as if the bosom of the mountain was about to disgorge its terrible and incensed inhabitants. The earth shook under the feet of the daring chief, and higher and fiercer raged the beacon flame. Sigurdr smiled; for he knew not fear, and urged his steed upward, 'till he reached a plain, where his course was suddenly arrested.

An unnatural stillness reigned in the air; and by the strange light, the hero beheld, surrounded by a bulwark of shields, a warrior in full armor, extended upon the ground. He dismounted and drew near;—the



figure was motionless and sleeping; its head rested upon a shield, and its armor was gray and tarnished with age. A sword lay by its side unsheathed, but rusted and unfit for use. "No brave warrior this, I trow! whose blade so long has shunned the strife!" exclaimed Sigurdr, as he rudely removed the helmet from the head of the slumberer. A profusion of long fair locks, released from the confinement of the harsh steel, flowed over the ground; and the chief started back in amazement, as he beheld the face of a young and lovely female. Her armor clung to her body, but the sword of Sigurdr soon severed its links, and the awakened Amazon rose to her feet and looked wildly around her.

Like the mysterious music which the warrior hears, who dreams on the eve of battle, and listens to the summoning of Valhalla's daughters, were the sweet tones of her voice, as she first broke the silence. She hailed the hills and valleys, and the coming light of day, and the pure air of heaven. She blessed the beautiful earth, and the dark, wild ocean; and turning to the astonished chief, she cried, "who is it, whose courage has released me from a cruel spell, who has rent mine armor, and broken the sleep of years?"

"It is Sigurdr the Glorious," was the proud reply, "of the race of Volsing, renowned in every country North of the Grecian sea; who bears the helmet of Fofner, and the sword that slew him; the spoils of the dragon, his gold, and his rings. And this have I done to liberate a princess excelling in beauty? I know thee, O! beautiful maiden, whom I have delivered—thou art the renowned Brynhilda!"

I am," replied the damsel, "Brynhilda the Valkyrie. Like a virgin of the shield, I roved the mighty ocean; I mingled oft in the sea-fight as it raged fiercely over the deep, and was victorious amid the wounds of the dying and the slain. By my prowess, by my enchantments, I raised up the weak, and trampled upon the strong. But though I won the battle, I withstood not the god of storms. The tempest raged upon the sea—nor valor, nor art, nor the efforts of my maiden mariners availed to save the doomed vessel from shipwreck. I was buried with the rest in the foaming waters.

"But it was not for the offspring of gods to perish like a mortal maiden. Odin in his vengeance, struck me with the wand of sleep, and condemned me to oblivion, 'till I should be awakened, by him who was destined to be my lord."

"How hadst thou angered the all-powerful?"

"He bade me watch over the fate of battles, and assign the victory to whom she should decree it. Two kings contended, one hight Hialmgunnar; he was old, but of might, and Odin had promised him the victory; the other was Andbruder; I destroyed the former, and saved his young and comely adversary. Then did the wrath of the mighty one overtake me.

"But I vowed a vow which even gods dare not gainsay, that to none who knew fear would I yield my hand. And well I knew, brave Sigurdr, that no mortal but thee, could stem the furnace and subdue the spell."

\* \* \* \* \*

Then poured they libations from a golden urn, and talked of the mystic love of unknown worlds, and eke of wondrous things, so that the chief exclaimed, "No woman so fair and wise have I ever yet beheld, and

thee would I swear to wed, even if I might choose among the bright ones of the worlds thou speakest of! Teach me, beloved, more of thy glorious art!"

And Brynhilda gave him to drink of the enchanted cup, mingled with wit, poetical inspiration, and knowledge; and taught him the virtues of the magical draught of Odin, distilled from the heads of the two monsters he had slain.\*

"Give me, enchantress," cried the enraptured Sigurdr, "to know of the future, all thy power can teach!"

"Thou canst then no longer sleep the peaceful sleep which the tired warrior knows!"

"I will abide the disclosure, even if speedy death await me in the decrees of fate!"

"Thou wilt repent it," said the maiden, mournfully, as she prepared to fulfil his request.

\* \* \* \* \*

As she proceeded in her incantations, Sigurdr became sensible of another presence. The fire which had blazed on the peak, ascending almost to the sky, sank gradually, and at length entirely disappeared, or became merged in a thick mass of smoke, which, as Brynhilda uttered her charms, changed its position and descended to the point of rock immediately above them. The vapor became more dense, and at length assumed a distinct form. It was that of a head crowned with a garland.

"Thou beholdest," said Brynhilda, "the head of Mimir†—he will reply to thy questions."

Sigurdr unhesitatingly asked, "what will be the issue of the enterprize in which I am about to engage?"

"Behold thy fate," said the apparition—and the scene was suddenly changed. A soft light glowed in the air, and on the plain beneath, which now assumed the aspect of a field of battle, the chief beheld the figure of a warrior in stately guise. His shield was manifold and burnished with ruddy gold; a dragon was graven on it, dark brown above, and of brilliant red below; and even so was his helmet and saddle, and furniture. His breast plate was golden, and his armor studded with gold. Brynhilda seized the arm of her lover.

"Dost thou recognise those bearings?" cried she.

"They are mine own," answered Sigurdr. "I shall be victorious. By the right hand of Odin, I command thee, unfold still further my destiny."

A heavy sound, like a peal of thunder, shook the valley, and the gloom deepened into blackness; but the charmed vision of the chief penetrated the mysterious darkness. He saw the proud victor of the battle field stretched on the ground—a female form bent over him, with sad face and streaming hair, but the beautiful features were not those of the maiden at his side. Brynhilda shrieked as she caught the sight, and the pageant vanished from the eyes of Sigurdr, who turned in speechless amazement to his pale bride.

"No, no," she exclaimed passionately, "it is Gudruna, the hated Gudruna, who weeps over thee, and lifts the pall from thy bier. What hast

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\*Heidraupnir and Hoddraupnir.

†The genius of prophecy, in the Northern mythology.



thou to do with my rival?" Then she fixed her eyes on the distance, and waved her beautiful arms, in the frenzy of sorrow. "I see it," she cried,—“the funeral pile—there are two; we shall be united in death! Look, beloved, how the spiral flames shoot upward—the fire that consumes thy faithless corse, cruel Sigurdr, shall devour also this constant and suffering heart! Thou must drink from the hand of the wife of Giuka, the draught that diverts thy love on earth, from me—but I alone, I alone, shall offer thee the cup of immortality!”

The darkness melted away; but the resister of Odin sank senseless into the arms of the lover, who was so soon to desert her.

*Sand Hills, Columbia.*

\* \*

#### MOONLIGHT—A FRAGMENT.

COME now, Iona, let us forth to view  
The glorious Night!—clothed in that majesty  
Which God himself, our Maker, hath bestowed!  
How calmly runs the silver Moon her course,  
A chasten'd light, diffusing all around.  
“The Moon to rule the Night”—great ruler thou  
Both of the Night and Day—and all our life!  
Be peaceful thus, the light *within* that guides  
Our erring footsteps in this world of sin!  
Lo! too the clouds that on th' horizon's verge,  
Their nearer surface tinged with radiant hue,  
Add yet a further beauty to the sight!  
Slow moving thus, the fainter stars they veil,  
Whose light's scarce needed in the brilliant scene.  
And see'st thou too that nearer one, whose form  
Assumes, in its approach, a darker hue?  
Darker—and nearer—and yet darker still!  
Now comes its shadow—'tween the Moon and us,  
And all the scene is changed!—the earth that seemed  
So lately bright, wears now a gloomier garb,  
Its former glory unforgotten still.

And thus, our changeful life!—in youth it seems,  
E'en like the moonlit night, brilliant with hope,  
Whose flatt'ring ray exposes not the rough  
And rugged steep—nor the lurking danger,  
That oft besets th' unwary trav'ler's path—  
But soft'ning all—and beautifying all,  
Is light alone!—while e'en those sorrows drear  
And cares, that on its distant verge are seen  
Lose all their gloom; reflecting back the beam  
From hope's full radiance borrowed. But alas!  
Too soon those troubles come, with their own gloom  
Unborrow'd, unreflected, dark'ning all  
That was before so gay—and hope itself,  
The light of life, is shaded o'er with care.

Then be our life, dear Father, changeful thus,  
From light to gloom,—from gloom to greater light.  
The clouds that overcast the Moon are gone—  
And now, again in majesty unveiled  
She guides the wayward steps of those, who muse  
Upon her loveliness—and in grateful mood,  
Breathe purer aspirations, to the God,  
Who all our pleasures gave!

*Beaufort, So. Ca.*

P.

## THE BANISHED LORD.

## CHAPTER THIRD.

THE meteor flashes out, and do the stars hood their heads? The last leaf sees the harsh wind toss its seared peers in the misty air, and bends, as with pleasure, its glossy surface to the nipping frost. And why should we weep? Children are relieved by tears; and so are men, under the operation of the knife; but for blighted affections they have no excuse. Though my father had often pointed out the Indian model, and earnestly contemplated its mastery of human griefs, I could not restrain my emotions when he died. I braced my nerves, and even bit my tongue, to divert the current of my thoughts. I forced myself to laugh, as the tears trickled down my cheeks. But all my efforts were unavailing. Nature was not my slave—oh, father! forgive when I say so! I could not command her! She clung to me yet—she scalded my eyes and brought my heart into my throat!

I beheld Segur near the corpse, paying it the respect of a worthy servant, and bade him not weep. I told him my father was gone!

"Gone," exclaimed the old man, "ah, gone—gone! Oh! that one of so fine a spirit and so brave a temper should have no hope—no eternal life! My God!—my Father!—my Redeemer!—Creator of worlds and the sun! look in mercy on one, who had many virtues. Take him to thee, oh my God!—take my poor master!—oh! take him to thee! The world drove him mad—the world cast him out on the highway—the mob, oh yes, my good God! shivered to atoms his domestic idols—they soured his temper—they rent the ties of a sweet and early devotion—they made him what he is! Then take him to thee, my God—take him to thee! *He was my master*, good Lord!—then take him to thee. Ah, in the days of the banner and the banneret, would he not have fought for thee? Would he not have planted the cross at the door of the sepulchre, and glorified thy name with the *blood* of the impious Saracen? He was a *stout warrior*. Great king of armies!—with a heel of wind and an arm of light he would have cleft down thine enemies, as with a thunder-crash!—then take him to thee, thou great God of armies!—take him to thee, oh God of mercy!"

There was a severe majesty in the looks of this old man, and a fervent utterance, that bent me to him, as he went on expressing his wild devotion. I could have prayed with him; but I dreaded my father's injunction more than Segur's God; and to conceal my weakness, rushed from the room.

It was now time to know my father's last advice; and particularly, what he had urged me to execute, when he would have had me swear it on his death-bed. I unfolded the paper, he then gave me; and these are its contents:

"My son, I make you the sole heir of what I am worth, or have a right to claim. You will need them in a world, where the many frequent the house of him, who feeds the best. I, however, bequeath you a more valuable legacy—this last advice.



"You reside in a country, where there is no reverence for the law—where utility is the bound of right, and money an element of taste—where every one is lying to attain that, which kings claim by divine right, and all are cringing and creeping to the top of their wishes. Now it may be your destiny to remain here! Long after you die, the name of your sire may be scoffed at by those, who once bent the knee of obedience to him. What, in this event, should be your course? I will tell you. Have an eye to the people—they are your creature and will take the bit, though you may hear it bray 'liberty,' ever so loud. Be not deceived—the time is not far off, when it will place its neck under the foot of a prince. I know it must. The boasted democracy of this people cannot last. It violates humanity too much. It turns topsy-turvy that gradation of things we observe every where in nature. It puts the heels where the head ought to be, or I should say, walks like a juggler on its hands, before insolent mobs for pennies. Equality!—it is an insult to the Deity, if there be one. Did you ever see two things or two men equal? Is not one subordinate to the other in a chain of effects from the atom to the first cause?—Inalienable rights too!—a farce. Can there be rights without control of some kind? If men could rule themselves, why did the God of the Christians find them unruly? *Why have they laws?* Why did Adam bite the fruit? Tell me that they have no impulses, no aspirations, no passions but for great emprises—that they have intellects, pre-eminent intellects; and, even then, I would say they were unfit to govern themselves. Their pride, their vanity, their lust of power would tempt them to pull down the throne of an Omnipotent if they could. Remember the Titans, my son—remember the Titans!

"A clever man told me the other day, that princes had power without curb!—that conscience was an article no longer in the market!—that monarchs could sleep quietly under the pavillion of 'the divine right.' No. Believe it ye 'budge doctors of the stoic fur;' ye whom the unlettered dogs have run down for asserting the dignity of mind,—he affirmed that the democratic was the age of perfection! Perfection in what? In a licentious press that wantonly lies? In an art that gilds its pills, to slip them down the throats of the sweetened multitude? In an Agrarian cant, that Apicius-like (*nepotum omnium altissimus gurgis*) lives upon the fat of the land, and groans lest the working classes might be starved to death? Age of perfection!—pish! The age of counterfeit virtue—of shallow baits to catch importance! Ye gods, how such men laud the beast they ride! What hunter never bragged of his dogs, my son?

"Let us peep into this age. What are its marks? Democracies that are rooting up—turning the foundations of all order, all law, all subordination—that are strewing to the winds, the august memorials of past times, the pageants of kings, the land-marks and incentives of a rightful submission, in surveillance to 'the gasconading likelihoods' of intellect—that are levelling thrones, for some 'Tom Double' to tread upon—that are chafing and wrangling for the entertainment of the arch spirits, who stand by and shout and clap their hands—that are embittering the waters of social love and scatter ruin over the land, to change the *names*, not the *powers* of their masters. Ah, but it is sweet to rule themselves! Hear

it Jupiter—hear it king Stork. The frogs rule themselves!—as if the body could move without a head. Rule themselves!—as if the fire that rages over the matchless works of the architect could of itself stop its fury! Tell me, that the storm will often times sweep over the earth, and, for the embellishment of nature, leave some monument of the arts, lifting its glittering spire in the skies, and I would believe it; but that the multitude, in its gusts of passion, have the smallest wish to save life, or the graces of life, are stories one may narrate to a mob; yet I will ask him, when and at what place, it was ever so. They have no hearts, no wills, no loves. They are driven by a bestial instinct; and if they think at all, it is, to immerse their hands in human gore, to maintain some fanciful maxim, that can never be put in practice—some oft repeated word, at the utterance of which, they will as heedlessly leap the precipice, as the war horse does, when told to ‘go’—they have liberty too!—Oh! sweet liberty—the liberty of the wild beast—a liberty to cut throats for demagogues—a liberty to over-step the law without fear of the halter—a liberty to skulk in the night time, and stab the noble born, as he sleeps on his couch—a liberty for every one to be a king, a bloody king, ‘sine titulo’—a liberty to hurl a prince from the throne of his fathers, for some greasy citizen to loll in, which the rabble, like the ass who bore the Egyptian Isis on its back, take all reverence to themselves! And this is your sweet liberty!

“My son, this is the age of the *head*, not of the *heart*—of the *ceremonial of the intellect*, not of the *senses*—of the tongue, not of heroic action—of virtue in poetic diction not the hardy magnanimity of the feuds—of nature painted in glare, not enjoyed in her solitudes—of assumed reason claiming to be without taint, and naked as our first parents were. It broods on a heap of grave saws, conceits, maxims, atomies and entities. It aspires to rule men, both with Aristotle’s organon, and the ‘Novum organon,’ without appealing to their imaginations, or their predispositions to the marvellous; and confounds the mechanic with the peripatetic. “We must have no ceremonial,” say they—no pageants—no gaudy symbols linked to the fancy.—Break down thrones—burn the ermine, the star, the garter. These are only suited to awe the ignorant, and control them through their *senses*. We have intellects to know what is right. The imagination is a monstrous vagary, that must be torn out of the brain; and we want none of it.

“Why, let me ask, will the million tremble, at the bare thought of sleeping in a grave-yard, or wear crape ‘the thirty days’ and strew rosemary on the fresh grave? Why do they start at a white shadow in the moonlight; and scarcely breathe, when the shrill wind courses through the sky? Mind or intellect should train them up differently; yet will they, under the influence of shows, feel without thinking, and act from impulses that urge them to enjoyment, or restrain them in the drift of whatever is unpleasant or dangerous. This age of reason then, is at war with the affections—with those undefinable influences that chasten the passions—with that amiable superstition, which hears God in the blast, and sees him in the green leaf. It pretends to an excellence, which consists of insubordination, and strikes at the root of good government. For, as long as the vulgar are to be kept in leading strings, (and



who can deny that they are?—they came into society to be directed by one or a few) it can be done but in one way, and that through the *senses*. Because men see, feel, hear and taste alike, but not many of them ever entertain the same opinion, apart from which there can be no concentrated energy in a State to quell treason or repel invasion. How many Athenians listened to Socrates, when the games and theatre were at hand? Had the morals and mysteries of the middle age, performed 'with mightier state and reverence,' no effect in preserving not only the influence of religion, but the sway of kings? How else has the Roman church, like a majestic queen in her gorgeous robes, stridden over the habitable globe, and wherever she unfurled the cross, temples sprung up? Why the world itself is a pageant; and you might as well attempt to cause bees to hive without a tinkling noise, as rule the herd without some gew-gaw, or sound to amuse the fancy. Indeed so animating is this love of the mysterious, that were one to be told the mausoleum before him covered the skeleton of a spider, he would feel awe stricken whenever he passed it. In short, princes attain a just power by shows; and in this consists the likeness of the creature to the Creator. The royal robes of the one acts upon the *eye* of the vulgar, while the latter *shuts* himself up in the clouds. Both are invisible, and therefore they rule; the one diverting the eye from himself to his dress; the other unseen, yet prescribing, as we are told by certain denominations, the ceremonial of dress as a part of worship.

The Hebrew theology explains the philosophy of this invisibility. That familiar comparison of gods and men, which among the Egyptians, Romans and Greeks, greatly impaired the intenseness of their devotion, was kept from the Jews by the invisibility of the Godhead. The Roman saw, or fancied he saw, his deities, of morals exceedingly vicious, in right of their divinityship, committing rape, adultery and murder, or guilty of every thing which he was taught to condemn. On the other hand, the Jew conceived his one God, in the abstract, perfect. To him the Godhead was all of that excellence which his imagination, wrought on by mystery and the ceremonial of the holy of holies could exaggerate. This too was natural. The mind fancies more of fear, novelty, awe, perfection and devotion in that which by its indistinctness or invisibility, does not come palpably to the senses. It arises out of the same principle of mental philosophy, by which an object of curiosity when looked at and handled, loses its novelty; because that imagination wears away which entered into it, and which does enter largely into those objects which usually cause the intensest emotions. What scares us in the night time, we heed not in the day. We gaze at a distant something with more than an ordinary inquisitiveness. We treasure up the relics of antiquity, not for their intrinsic value, but because they are associated with events, whose very obscurity pushes on the imagination to consecrate them, by its labors, in the memories of living men.

"But alas, woe the world! *Its boasted learning only develops the cheatery of the few, while it teaches the many, to cheat one another.* The understanding is enlarged at the expense of the moral faculties. The affections, once communicated through the senses, by pageants to a su-

perior, are now transferred to inferiors. Aspirations ascend not to a higher grade of moral excellence. The vassal once knelt to his lord; the lord now bows to his constituency; so that all that may be ungracious, graceless and swinish, constitute the models of the uplifted eye of him, who entreats the popular voice. Drink with me, a swaggering bully will demand at the hustings, or live in exclusiveness. Nay, the many elevate the host, not a consecrated priesthood as of old! Because the mob claim to be our equals, are the decencies and proprieties of gentility to be estimated by their commendation? We are to throw aside the embellishments of taste, and hug the rottenness of the barbaric herd—we are to strip when they strip—we are to scratch and scramble with them in the ring!—what a perfect age!

“My son, the epitaphs of all the Republics that have ever existed, may be comprised in the single word—anarchy. They have died like scorpions beset with fire, or by their own hands in fits of moral derangement; and you may know their graves every where, by that stake, with which the ancient English used to pierce the body of the suicide on the highway. There is not a spot upon the earth, where they once grew in their rank vigor, that is not at this time, the dwelling of those who hug their chains; and that fierce Demos of antiquity who stalked about, and dared to outgaze the sun, is now a meek and docile thing, that looks upon the ground and bears its burden. Nothing but monopolies and the moneyed corporations of this country have saved it from a like destiny. Such institutions concentrate in themselves the influence of the opulent, and the chief part of legislative representation; and having almost perpetuity or ‘perpetual succession,’ they, in some measure, become the substitutes for a privileged order with primogeniture laws and estate-tails. Yet this will not last. The Agrarian principle is at work. The fate of the Republic is sealed. Every circumstance shows it—the people are looking one way and rowing another—they have taken a false, for the Northern, light. Open your eyes my son and see. Too many go to church here because the mob do—too many carry *we, the people* on the ends of their tongues as a charm—too many kneel to the key, because of the gold on it. Intrigue is as necessary to a gentleman’s education as the Bible. And the drama,—let no one say it is not patronized here—is represented with admirable skill, not only on the stage, in the senate house and the courts of justice; but, as it was in the time of John Bull, in the temples of the Most High. Aye every one is an actor, and, after the fashion of the Roman Roscius, weareth a painted mask. All is show from sunset to sunset. One shows gold to get office, another shows piety to collect the pin-money of the women—one shows his face at church; another at a prayer meeting—one shows the law and breaks it; another shows humility while he is stealing power—in short the old and young are all showing off something in their way. To please whom? To cheat whom? Not their God, for it is said, he can see; but the populace! They are the blind Sampson, on whom the sharp witted cut their jokes and play their pranks. What is this but that state of society, where *all are cheating all*—where all are crawling over all—where equality is lauded and never practised. It could not be otherwise, since they are taught that, the consequence of which, is



downright hypocrisy—that is, each individual, like a wily sovereign, justifies the balance of power, as it appears on paper, yet, at the time, he is moving heaven and earth to enlarge his condition by guiles and fraud. This liberty, on which you hear them ring so many changes, conduces to licentiousness in morals, as freedom of manners, in certain ladies, is said to afford opportunity and incentive to the indulgence of forbidden pleasures.

“You cannot wear out the impress of nature, my son. This rabble must have a king, as surely as there is one centre to the universe!

‘Such hath it been—shall be—beneath the sun,  
The many still must labor for the one!’

“Judging then, from what I know of the history of nations, and from what I have daily observed in the habits and opinions of the time, there is no event concealed in futurity, of which I am more fully assured, than the decadence of this Republic. The mob will sooner or later repent, and take their cue from the lips of kings. And, in anticipation of this glorious event, I would have you bear in mind the truths I have imparted to you, touching right government; so, that should the occasion present itself, you will be ready to act the part which befits one of your descent.

“And now my last request!

“What should be the wish of one, who hates the world—of one, whose wrongs have made him that greasy thing of a Republic, called a citizen? What, but this: I, who living, kept my species from me as a malady, would not have my ashes mingle with theirs!

“I, therefore, command you, my son, as if I were a king upon my throne, to execute this last request. I entreat you for the love you bear me—for my present content, that trusts to your faith to execute it. Be not intimidated because ‘Jack Cade’s mouth is the parliament’ of the age. Obey and you will be a man. Do it, and this single act will give earnest of what you may become—an iron heart, fit to rule amidst the cant of the time.

“This is my last request.

“When I am dead, wrap my body in the robes of my father, and bear it, in the night, to that mountain, where for the first time, I revealed to you the glory of your birth. I would wish to be higher than the walks of man, in an atmosphere, free from the contamination of his breath. There—mark me, you must be alone; and did I think you would not do it, I would despise you!—there set fire to my body, sir. Aye, set fire to my body, sir! And when it shall be consumed, gather up the ashes of myself. I would tell you to dash them on the wind, but no, they would be borne to the habitations of men! Take the ashes of your father, and placing them in a buoy hermetically sealed, have this inscription engraved on it:

OSSA PRINCIPIS.

STRANGER,

*Your species I hated:*

So pitch me into the sea again.

"When you shall have finished this, carry it to the ocean, and throw it in, as you would a dead kitten or a cork. If you fail in this—I curse you! Let not my bones, sir, dwell with numskulls—let them not fall in the embrace of a white livered sot, or rot in the grave of a canting water-drinker! I would rather have the grains of my ashes forever tossed on a troubled sea, or sink to its bottom, to feed a clam, than mingle with the remains of that uncleanest of animals—a sly Republican!

"Do this for me—then bless you—bless you!"

*Barnwell District, May 7.*

*Mr. Editor.*—Though no "fair reader," neither in the correct nor the accustomed acceptation of the term, permit me to offer the following solution of the "Love Questions," contained in one of your late numbers:

Ask'st thou the surest sign of Love!  
To show, or to conceal?  
Which best the sentiment can prove  
That only true hearts feel?  
Thy "knotty" question's nought, in truth,  
Nor doubtful to decide;  
For we then most our passion *show*,  
When most we strive to *hide*.

Nor seek to know which purest joy  
To lover's heart appears,  
When on his mistress' charms he speaks—  
Or, his own praises hears?  
Her praise of him *one* joy alone,  
To his fond bosom sends;  
But praising, he *her* grace extols,  
And *his own* taste commends.

Nor Love's arcana penetrate,  
Nor strive his power to scan;  
No *social* limits can confine  
His influence on man.  
And since no bound'ry's known between  
The shepherd-girl and kings,  
*Her* love no limit breaks—and *his*  
No degradation brings.

P

*Beaufort, So. Ca.*



ON THE CONDITION AND PROSPECTS OF THE ART OF PAINTING  
IN THE UNITED STATES.

NUMBER TWO.

IN endeavoring to trace the primary causes that favor the growth and promote the success of the Fine Arts, we ought not to disregard those which are more obviously connected with them. It is due, therefore, to the enlightened motives and disinterested exertions by which our academies of Art have been established and maintained, to acknowledge that they have had a favorable influence on Painting in the United States. Their annual exhibitions have awakened public attention and improved public taste. They have excited a spirit of emulation amongst artists, the result of which is a decided and progressive improvement in their works. The very fact of these institutions being composed, for the most part, of individuals not connected with the profession, proves the existence of a higher cause, acting through their voluntary efforts upon its interests. And although they may not have been successful as schools of instruction, they have always had just claims to public patronage, as an advance in the great system of improvement. The increased number of artists may be fairly regarded as one of the happy results of the encouragement to which their influence has led. At the time of their establishment amongst us, Portrait Painting was the only branch of the art practised in the United States; and that, but by comparatively few. While at the present day, embracing from their introduction, an interval of less than a half century, there are practitioners in every department of the profession, from the highest to the humblest, some of whom are distinguished, and many, very respectable for their merits and attainments.

A decided evidence of the advancement of Painting in this country has been furnished by that demand for elementary education in the art, which has led to such an establishment as the National Academy of Design—an institution formed and governed exclusively by artists; and affording all the advantages of academic preparation. The consciousness thus implied of a deficiency in those qualifications which an improved public taste required from the professors of art, while it has united their exertions, shows that their hopes are equal to the great objects that should animate them. If, before the existence of an academy providing the means of instruction to artists in the United States, it was their misfortune that they could not seek them elsewhere, henceforward it will be their reproach, if they do not avail themselves of the opportunities thus offered.

Whilst the painter, therefore, amidst causes, both moral and physical, co-operating in the advancement of national and individual wealth, perceives a spirit of improvement every where manifested, let him reflect on the condition of society to which it must ultimately lead—its tastes and refinements—its luxuries and enjoyments;—let him think of the rank to which, in such a state of cultivated prosperity, the liberal

arts will be elevated—and he will want neither motive nor inclination to avail himself of the opportunity that may enable him to justify and maintain his claims. But while animated by this ambition, let him

“Compare life’s span with art’s extensive field,”

and remember, that he can make no attainments and reach no excellence that will exempt him from the obligations of persevering industry—that the volume of nature, infinitely various in the topics which it embraces, is the great object of his study—while all that an academy can profess to teach him, is the language of his art, like all other languages, the form in which the mind manifests itself.

This is indeed a bright vision of the future destinies of American art, but its reality may be remote. Prosperous as are the signs, who can venture to predict the period of their accomplishment? Are there no peculiarities in our national character, no circumstances arising out of our institutions, political and social, in fact no distinguishing features of the age in which we live, calculated to exert an adverse influence upon the interests of art, and to retard that period, when the world shall behold in the United States of America another great era of Painting?

In the progress of society, events of magnitude that seldom occur are less easily accounted for than those, which frequently happening, are easily traced to the causes that have produced them. It falls to the lot of no nation to be distinguished by more than one brilliant period of the arts, and this being connected with the most advanced stages of its improvement, must be the result of causes variously combined, and long maturing. Indeed the arts are said to be the offspring of the old age of a country. It would be but darkly prophesying therefore, to assign any period of the future for their abode in the United States. The causes now in operation, however direct their tendencies, may be variously counteracted, and after all, may depend upon accidental circumstances for their development. There is too little analogy between the present condition of society, and that of any in which the arts have ever flourished, for us to derive much light from a comparison. When we consider the variety of objects that now exist, to stimulate the enterprise—to engage the interests and to distract the attention of the public mind, and above all the practical and matter-of-fact character of the age in which we live; we could not wonder, if another great era of art should never again occur.

When painting was at its zenith in Italy, it was dedicated to the cause of a religion that swayed the hearts and the fortunes of men, and controlled the destinies of states. It shared in the devotions that were paid to the subjects upon which its sublimest efforts were employed.

Embodying, and making palpable to the senses those visions and mysteries that had never before been unveiled but to the eyes of faith, its powers seemed divine, and pontiffs and princes were numbered amongst its votaries. The few to whom the learning of that day was confined, were devoted to the interests of the church, and united their zeal in the elevation of an art that could add so much to the splendors of its worship. Commerce, which now equalizes its benefits and distributes them



impartially over the habitable globe, was then confined to a few favored countries, supplying with its resources the stores of their munificence. Art seems to have arisen with new energies from its slumber of ages; and even during that gloomy interval to have gathered strength from causes unperceived, "velut arbor occulto ævo."

But Religion, which in all ages, has been the nurse of art, and to whose influence Painting has owed its highest honors, resigns her patronage, under the control of modern opinion. The reformers, how-much-soever they may have differed on other points, agreed in the exclusion of pictures from their churches, and that determination has been steadily adhered to by succeeding protestants. While architecture is permitted to lavish its ornaments upon "their long drawn aisles and fretted vaults;" while music and sculpture are admitted into the sanctuary, a sister art, consecrated as it has been to its service, is sternly rejected. It is not our purpose, as it would be foreign from our argument, to enquire into the propriety of their exclusion? The effect produced by it in other protestant countries exists, and is likely to continue in its fullest force in the United States. We will therefore conclude this view of the subject by referring to a remark made by Sir Joshua Reynolds, that after leaving the Catholic countries, through which he had travelled, he bade adieu to the higher branches of the art; and also to one which I have elsewhere met with, and of which I only claim the application; "that while the Flemish school opened and closed within a century; from Cimabue, the founder of the Italian school, to Carlo Maratti and Salvator Rosa, who were esteemed the last of its masters, there is included a space of nearly five centuries."

It would be absurd in this age and in this country, to express any regret at the absence of even so powerful a stimulus of public taste; as it could never have entered into the calculation of any American, that Painting should ever be enlisted in the cause of protestant devotion.

I. In canvassing the causes most likely to retard the progress of the liberal arts, we cannot be indifferent to the practical habits of the American people, so much at variance with all the pursuits that adorn the leisure, or minister to the tastes of society. These habits, which were forced upon the early colonists by a stern necessity, have been transmitted to their descendants, and are strengthened by the institutions of the country. As the genius of our government is unfriendly to hereditary wealth, every man who would prosper, feels that he must be the maker of his own fortune. To this end his whole course is shaped. His education, if not sacrificed, is often left incomplete, to enable him to enter the earlier upon the busy competitions of life. His views—his pursuits—his associations are narrowed down to *the desire of wealth*; and without *dreaming of such a thing in his philosophy*, he becomes a utilitarian, and values nothing but for the substantial purposes to which it may be applied. This habit of estimating things by the standard of mere utility, whatever may be its advantages, tends to banish from society the delights and ornaments that its intercourse derives from the influence of taste and imagination. It discourages all enterprize that is not directed to some tangible interest. It values the labors of science, only as they lead to useful and profitable results. It makes even literature and scholarship the panders of gain.

It is true; we cannot well afford leisure for mere speculative pursuits, nor can we cultivate letters, like virtue, for their own sake. But in this constant and untiring quest of individual interest, where every object and action are made to bear upon the practical concerns of life, it is to be feared that the liberal arts, which have more to do with the tastes and enjoyments of society, than with its necessities, will not be estimated by the true standard of their worth. There is a risk also that the practice of them will become matter of calculation and traffic, and that artists would be willing

*"Inter scabiem tantam, et contagia lucri,"*

to sacrifice the higher objects of ambition for wealthy mediocrity.

What have we not to fear from this bold but insidious enemy of the elegant arts, when we see it aiming all its attacks at classical learning, fortified as that is by the veneration of ages, and binding together every enlightened nation by common associations and a common fountain of intelligence and taste.

Yes, let modern reformers cut off the streams of intellectual refreshment, by drying up their source—let them substitute arithmetical numbers for those breathed by the spirit of ancient poetry—let them change the language of Cicero, for the dry commercial phrase of the desk and the counting house—let them expunge from their codes of education all that has embellished and enriched those minds, which we revere for their attainments:—then will they strip life of much of that beautiful drapery, which taste throws around it; and which, like all drapery, adding a grace to the symmetry it envelops, so far from interfering with more important and substantial interests, gives a charm to the pursuits of industry, and adorns the triumphs of skill and genius.

II. The next obstacle to the success of Painting that I would refer to, is the abolition of the rights of primogeniture, which, however consonant to the plan of our republican institutions, has certainly had a deteriorating effect upon the habits of society. It has substituted a fluctuating aristocracy, reared upon the claims of fortune and fashion, for the more permanent and honorable one of manners, character and education. Its existence secured to the heir, at least, the opportunity of cultivating those accomplishments that belong to the gentleman and the man of taste. Unembarrassed by professional care or prudential calculations, it was not his lot to waste life in devising means for its support. He was sure of the family mansion—its comforts—its associations, and the feeling of independence its possession bestowed. But the distribution of our limited estates, although it takes from one of a family those advantages, seldom exempts any of them from the necessity of engaging in the practical concerns of business. If, on the one hand, it forces talent to the necessity of exertion, it cuts off, on the other, one of the regular sources of private munificence.

The division and subdivision of estates to which it leads, make life one constant pursuit of the means of living. How much is a man's motive for ornamenting his dwelling with costly works of art, lessened by the reflection, that his descendants are not to enjoy the fruits of his taste. The certainty that a generation or two would witness their dispersion,



makes him indifferent to the possession of them, and naturally directs his attention to more substantial and profitable objects. The limit thus imposed upon the exercise of taste, and the means of its gratification, must necessarily lessen both the number and the value of private collections; nor can it fail to affect the general interests of art. How different is it in England, where the heir, familiarized from his youth, to the fine pictures, which, in so many instances adorn the paternal walls, may be said with the estate of his ancestor, to inherit his taste. Although in that country, pictures, as a subject of inheritance, are not inseparable from the family mansion, pride seldom permits their removal. And amongst the splendid collections that are to be found at the seats of the wealthy, many of the works of Vandyke, Kneller and Lely, still fill the places, which, from the very easels of those artists, they were designed to occupy.

With the political aspect of this feature in our institutions, we have nothing to do on the present occasion. We speak of it only in reference to the subject before us. And this remark we would also apply to the consideration of another obstacle to the success of American art.

III. We would here allude to the local jealousies, so sensitively alive to all enterprize that professes to be national. And this, from the government down to the individual, is characteristic of our republic. The benefits incidentally resulting to any State, that might happen to be the scene of its operations, would be deemed enough to countervail the widely diffused advantages that the whole country would derive from the success of any national institution. What but this feeling has defeated the fondly cherished hope of Washington in relation to the establishment of a National University; or pursues with hostility the only existing National Institution for intellectual culture, although proceeding originally from his wise recommendations.

Our countrymen are not without their share, both of talents and attainments, in many of the pursuits that distinguish the character of a nation. It is consonant to all the maxims of experience to say, that their manifestations would be more efficient by concentrated exertion; and that under the powerful incitements of emulation which a common arena would produce, they would obtain greater credit for the United States, than they can ever be hoped to do, in the several smaller spheres to which their action is now limited.

What bar has exhibited more successfully the legal learning and forensic eloquence of the country, than that of the Supreme Court of the United States? What legislative hall has displayed profounder wisdom, and greater intellectual power than that of our federal Senate? And why should not correspondent developments result from the collisions of personal emulation amongst artists, and men of science? The mind never pursues its object with more energy, than when acting under the strong impulse of immediate and direct competition. Rival talents love to meet upon a common theatre of exertion and display. It is there only that they can discover their resources, and prove the triumphs of which they are capable.

Wincklemann, in speaking of the ascendancy of Athens, says that all human greatness seemed to centre in that opulent and powerful city, as

rivers naturally mingle their waters with the ocean. And in the same paragraph he observes that such was the fortune of Florence in the days of her glory. Now although many other cities of Greece produced distinguished artists, both painters and sculptors; their fame is identified with that of Athens. And in confirmation of Winklemann's reference to the great birth-place of modern art, we might quote what has been said of the palace of the Medici alone, "that it was at once the Lyceum of philosophers, the Arcadia of poets, and the Academy of Painters." It were vain to hope that any one city of our vast and growing republic should exclusively possess the advantages of a great metropolis. Such a pre-eminence could not be acknowledged by the others, without concessions that neither pride nor jealousy would permit. The talents of our country, therefore, never can be expected to associate their efforts in a common field of enterprise—but like its own hills and forests, must remain inseparable from the sections to which nature has allotted them.

With the experience then which the yet limited history of American artists affords, can we expect them always to resist the attractions of foreign capitals, or to be uninfluenced by the flattering distinctions that may be obtained abroad, when they look in vain at home, for corresponding advantages? When Otho Venius refused the munificent offers of Lewis 13th of France, when Poelemburg preferred his native country to the proffered favor of Charles 1st of England—when Vanderneer declined the honor of being painter to the King of Spain—and Meiris could not be induced by an establishment at the Court of the Archduke, with a pension, to reside at Vienna; there must have been more powerful motives than the mere love of country acting upon the minds of these distinguished painters. They must have been satisfied that honor and encouragement awaited them at home—that they would not be wanting there in associates, whose counsel might aid them—in rivals, whose talents might stimulate, nor in patrons whose liberality might reward them.

We may well conceive the attachment of Canova to the great capital of ancient and modern art, when he refused every offer of imperial patronage, to induce him to leave that scene of his happiness and glory. His reply to the emperor was, that if he compelled him to remain in France he must first prepare his grave there. This determination, however honorable to his patriotism, showed that the genius of the artist could only find its true aliment amidst the treasures, the incitements, and the associations of Rome.

In this cursory and imperfect view of the causes that may affect the interests of Painting in the United States, we cannot but be struck with the negative and incidental character of those which are considered as adverse, in comparison with the active and vital principles of success that are engrafted upon the growing intelligence and prosperity of the country, which are promoting their growth with its growth; and preparing for them a final triumph over every obstacle and difficulty. It also appears, that although no exertions of either individuals or communities, however strenuously directed to that end, can secure for the arts any great era of success, depending as that does, upon circumstances beyond the reach of ordinary control; yet in no instance can their interests



be more surely advanced than by moral and intellectual cultivation—and moreover, that when causes are ripe for their development, talents are always found equal to the occasion.

Let the American artist therefore, not be discouraged if the taste of the country, or its resources, are yet unequal to the support of Painting in its higher branches. Though it be denied to him to share with the glories of Davinci—of Raphael and M. Angelo, of Veronese and of Guido, let him remember that these are not the only darlings of fame. There are fields of art, untrodden by them, in which he may reap abundant honor and renown.

The names of Claude, Salvator, Poussin and Wouvermans in landscape, of Vandyke, Rembrandt, and Reynolds in portrait, are as imperishable as any on the rolls of fame. Without adverting, therefore, to the various humbler, though not less attractive employments of the pencil, which have rendered so many painters worthy of biographical distinction—let us dwell for a moment upon *Landscape* and *Portrait* Painting, as those which, under existing circumstances, are most suitable to the American painter.

If our country were favored in no other respect, it would be remarkable for the variety of its scenery, exhibiting every feature of grandeur and beauty that taste delights to dwell on. A single view has been pronounced worth a voyage across the Atlantic. And how many others would deserve the same tribute. In our mountains and cataracts, our forests and lakes, our rivers and bays, our rocks and shores, the lofty and majestic, the wild and picturesque, the simple and beautiful abound. If to this rich diversity of objects, that every where meets his eye, be added our pure skies, and our sunsets, as cloudless and glowing as were ever beheld from the Pincian mount; the American landscape painter may be said to imbibe the principles of beauty and sublimity with his earliest perceptions. He owes an obligation to nature for this gratuitous profusion, which a life of study could not discharge. Can he be insensible too to the moral interest involved in such an obligation? His converse is with nature in her “unwalled temple.” He becomes as it were, a fellow-worker with her, in her great plan of order, beauty and harmony, and may be numbered

“—————With the god-like few,  
Who to th’ enraptur’d ear and eye  
Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love and melody.”

Should he fail however, to be encouraged by the sympathies, or to be rewarded by the liberality to which pursuits so laudable would recommend him—let the love of the art sustain him—which, after all, is the most powerful motive, as it is the noblest equivalent for his labors.

The love of his art is the aliment that nourishes every hope of the painter’s success. Without it, genius must soon droop, and every endowment become enfeebled. Let him reflect how little is denied to perseverance, and how much is lost to irresolution and despondence.

The love of his art, lightens the fatigues of study. It cheers his solitude. It is his stay in adversity—and throws its mantle over him

when the neglect of the world, more appalling than its frown, would chill him.

With portrait painting it is different. The foundation of its success is laid deep in the affections of the heart. While taste slumbers, parental and filial love, friendship, and the whole train of benevolent sentiments are alive to its charms and its powers. From this never failing source are derived the advantages that the painter of portraits has over all his professional brethren. In every city and village his pencil finds employment. Where other and higher branches are unheeded, portrait painting is encouraged and rewarded. This was the passport that enabled Stuart to return to his native country, when other American artists found an insuperable barrier in the less humble walks which they had preferred. His success might have been more dazzling abroad, and his emoluments more abundant, but nowhere could he have been more constantly engaged, than in his own country. During a long career of unrivalled success, his talent and his devotion to the art, gave it an impulse which will long continue. To this, much of that excellence is attributable which characterizes the pencils of those, who, in this walk of the profession, now do credit to Boston, New-York and Philadelphia.

As portrait painting has attracted so much encouragement in the U. States, it behoves him who practises it, to keep always in view the excellence of which it is capable, and the purposes to which it may be applied—whether to preserve the memorials of the great and the good—to perpetuate the sincerity of friendship, or to stay the triumphs of time over youth and beauty.

It is possible for him to give to his pictures an interest far above that of the mere likeness, which is limited in extent—partial as it regards feeling—and confined to but a few brief years; an interest like that which attaches itself to the character of a man, without any regard to his countenance or personal appearance; which exists where these were never known or seen, and which will survive them when time shall have obliterated them from the minds of those even who had remembered them. Thus, although the feelings and associations that originally gave value to the portraits of Rembrandt and Vandyke, have long since passed away, they remain the ornaments of every collection in which they are to be found.

To give the impress of mind—to arrest the transient expression of thought or feeling—to catch the fleeting and elusive graces of childhood and youth—to give language to the eye, and make it

“Love whate’er it looks on;”

in fact to be the very mirror of nature.

These should be the objects of his exertions, and though he should fail to realize them, his failure would be equal to success in a less lofty aim. His reward too—to live forever in the tribute of excited affection and admiration. The historian may discharge the debt that is due to his fame. But the poet, who gives language to the heart and the imagination, can alone portray the impressions of either, when either has been warmed by the pencil.



What would we know of Publius or of Cecilius Secundus, as portrait painters in the days of Martial,\* if their memories had not been embalmed in his verse? Romney will exist in the effusions of Hayley, when every charm that enriched his canvass will have yielded to decay. Burke's eulogium on Sir J. Reynolds will survive, when those visions of taste and beauty that his pencil created, will have vanished forever.

These are the lasting monuments of excellence in the portrait painter. Let him show to posterity that he had power to awaken kindred genius, and to merit its admiration.

"Casibus, hic nullis, nullis delebilis annis,  
Vivet, Apelleum cum morietur opus."

MARTIAL.

"Blest be the art that can immortalize,  
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim  
To quench it."

COWPER.

The views suggested by the subject chosen for this essay, and thus imperfectly expressed, are now commended to the indulgence of my audience.† And from whom could indulgence be claimed by the advocate of any of the elegant arts, if not from those who are themselves interested in the foundations of its success. In what age or country have we ever heard of the arts of ornament preceding those of necessity, or diffusing their kindly influence over a people not prepared by knowledge and virtue for their enjoyment.

Thus while institutions prematurely established for their encouragement, can at best procure for them a forced and sickly growth; those, whose objects are to make communities and nations wiser and better—to place before them the highest standards of moral and intellectual excellence, must reckon amongst the happy results flowing from their efforts, all that can contribute to public honor, welfare and happiness.

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\*Mart. Lib. 4, Epig. 44.

"Hanc ne lux rapiat suprema totam,  
Picta Publius exprimit tabella  
In qua tam similem videbis Issam,  
Ut sit tam similis sibi nec ipsa.  
Issam denique pone cum tabella;  
Aut utramque putabis esse veram,  
Aut utramque putabis esse pictam.

Lib. 2, 58.

Dum mea Cœcilio formatur imago secundo,  
Spirat et arguta picta tabella manu, &c."

†This essay was written for, and delivered upon a special occasion.

## MILTON.

*"Natura ipsa valere, et mentis viribus excitari, et quasi quodam divino spiritu afflari."*—CICERO.

To thee, gigantic genius, now I'll sound  
The clarion strain, and fill "fame's vasty round;"  
'Tis Milton beams upon the wand'ring sight;  
Rob'd in the splendor of Apollo's light;  
As when from ocean bursting on the view,  
His orb dispenses ev'ry brilliant hue,  
Crowns with resplendent gold th' horizon wide,  
And clothes with countless gems the buoyant tide;  
While through the boundless realms of ether blaze,  
On spotless azure, streaming saffron rays:—  
So o'er the world of genius Milton shone,  
"Profound in science—as the bard—alone;"  
No subject vast but own'd his mental reign,  
Angels themselves, applauding, grace his train,  
His power so sov'reign—so sublime the spell,  
He soars to heav'n or plunges into hell;  
Pictures the regions of eternal bliss,  
Or boldly paints the fathomless abyss;  
From angels clad in pure empyreal glow,  
Descends to chaos and the realms of woe,  
Or from extolling God with hallowing breath,  
Terrific, blazons Satan, sin, and death.  
Nor less he proves imagination's heat,  
When magic\* o'er his thoughts usurps the seat;  
Fancy with rapid vans proclaims the lay,  
And mystic spirits his commands obey;  
Minions of evil flit thro' ev'ry scene,  
While virtue, inly arm'd, remains serene;  
Or summons from her cell the pensive† muse,  
Milton her melancholy can infuse,  
While jocund mirth, with Momus' laughing band,  
From his prolific brain dance hand in hand;  
Mortal or scenes immortal he could scan,  
Endless the race his towering spirit ran.  
If such the poet—such his force sublime,  
With mind capacious, as unmatch'd his rhyme;  
If more than mortal themes his pen display'd;  
If more than mundane thoughts his fancy ray'd;  
Where slept refinement in succeeding days?  
When scarce one mind paid homage‡ to his lays:

\*Alluding to the classical and truly poetic mask of Comus, originally written for the then Earl of Bridgewater, and performed by his sons and daughters at Ludlow Castle.

†Milton's justly celebrated "Il Penseroso and Allegro."

‡It is scarcely thought credible, that a poem so replete with expansion of thought and godlike imagery, as Milton's *Paradise Lost*, should have remained unknown during the life time of the author, and for many years after. Mr. Dryden has given his approbation of the work, and his opinion of the author, in an excellent epigram, generally prefixed to "*Paradise Lost*," or subjoined to the portrait of the author; but it was not until Mr. Addison published his admirable critique in the *Spectator*, that the beauties of this extraordinary production of fancy became generally understood, and the whole merits of the poem admired. *Paradise Lost* was first printed in 1667; and for this immortal work Milton received but £15, which were paid by instalments.



This heav'nly record by no praise was grac'd,  
 His *Fall of Man* enroll'd *the fall of taste*.  
 This mighty bard, though conscious of his worth,  
 Scarce gained the plaudits of the sons of earth;  
 Sunk to the grave, and left a future age  
 To hail with reverence his glorious page.  
 Disgraceful apathy! can this be known,  
 And Britain still avow her genius prone  
 To foster worth, and from untimely fate  
 Rescue the living, who are truly great?  
 How false the boast, on Albion's sea-girt shore!  
 Mæcenâs ne'er display'd the fost'ring store;  
 Forever mute, the soul-reviving breath  
 Of glowing patronage, 'till rob'd in death;  
 The late exalted spirit lacks no aid,  
 From earth translated to Elysium's shade;  
 Thus, he who ne'er for wealth had cause to sue,\*  
 Lack'd during life the meed of praise his due;  
 And like the bark which erst Ulysses bore,  
 By tempests beaten from the destin'd shore,  
 So genius to life's billows spreads the sail,  
 And meets the veering of each fateful gale;  
 With manly dignity o'er surges rides,  
 And dares the battling of opposing tides.  
 But when some fav'ring wind his course impels,  
 The glowing soul with eager transport swells;  
 This passing gleam as permanent he greets,  
 And hopes in future for a life of sweets;  
 Deceitful thought! the storm more furious drives,  
 Against his doom in vain the genius strives;  
 Fate's rock impedes—the bark, impetuous hurl'd,  
 Sinks 'midst the yawning billows of this world;  
 Thus terminates bright fancy's glowing scope,  
 The life of genius, but the grave of hope.  
 Such is the poet's fate; on earth distress'd,  
 To rank sublime when sharing death's chill rest.  
 Transcendant Milton, 'twas thy lot to feel  
 That man, whose image bears his Maker's seal,  
 Can still neglect the choicest blessing giv'n,  
 A god-like mind, true attribute of heav'n,  
 Here cease, my lay—indignant feelings rise,  
 My tow'ring spirit points to kindred skies;  
 Spurns the base earth, and loathes the human race,  
 Where pow'r is idolised, and gold finds grace;  
 Where pining virtue scarce can find a shed,  
 To shield from ruthless winds its drooping head;  
 Where honesty in tatter'd vestments weeps,  
 While ermin'd villainy luxurious sleeps:  
 In fine, where merit, without aid of wealth,  
 Is like a gem unique, procur'd by stealth;  
 Fear makes the holder keep the store enshrin'd,  
 And genius lacks an expance for the mind,  
 Timid conceals the gem of innate worth,  
 Fancy oft nipp'd, scarce giving blossoms birth,  
 And wither'd thus by mundane wintry wind,  
 Scarce leaves an odour of its sweets behind.

N. SMITH B——.

\*It does not appear from the accounts of Milton's biographers, that he experienced any particular distress of a pecuniary nature during his life time.

## REMINISCENCES OF A TOUR TO THE SOUTH WEST.

## NUMBER TWO.

WE were set down at "the Globe," a very respectable house in Augusta, where every attention is paid to the comfort of travellers. Why it is called "the Globe," we were not informed, but suppose by way of invitation to the whole world, i. e. to all strangers, to walk in and partake of the good cheer that is offered. Perhaps it is so denominated from the magnitude of the building, it being spacious enough to accommodate a large number of persons, and constituting, when contrasted with the dwellings of private citizens, a sort of microcosm. Again, it may receive its name from the custom that prevails in it of having its table daily spread with all the luxuries and delicacies that can be procured from the four quarters of the globe.

We were ushered into the gentlemen's parlour, a commodious room on the second floor, looking into the street. An excellent fire was blazing upon the hearth, towards which we drew chairs and warmed our chilled limbs—a place being promptly made for us by the social circle who were sitting around it, and who were engaged, at the time, in an animated debate. In the centre of the room stood a table, upon which were piled many newspapers and magazines, containing recent intelligence from the different parts of the earth—an additional reason for calling the house "the Globe." We confess we had no particular predilection for any one hotel in Augusta more than another. The "Eagle and Phoenix" had a poetical title and a deserved reputation. "Washington Hall"—a more retired house—we knew to be excellent—indeed its hostess was an old and esteemed acquaintance. "The Planters" was not a whit behind either of them in any respect. But there was something peculiarly attractive to us in the name of "the Globe." We had gone abroad with the view of seeing the world and studying human nature, and where could we see the one, and study the other, more advantageously than in "the Globe?" We were anxious to put to the test Dr. Johnson's theory of independence, and where could we feel more at home—where more at our ease, less fettered by circumstances, more on an equality with the rest of our race, than in "the Globe?" "The Globe"—"the Globe"—a suitable name for a great establishment—open at all hours to the public—supported by public patronage—where the inhabitants of town and country come in and go out at pleasure, and the world within may hear of every thing that is going forward in the world without, in a short space of time.

The company about the fire, as we remarked, were engaged in an animated conversation. They seemed quite in earnest. The subject which occupied them at the moment we entered, was the Hon. George M'Duffie, and the particular part of his character under discussion was, his skill as an agriculturalist. We very well knew Mr. M'Duffie's fame



as a lawyer, orator and statesman, but of his character as a planter we were profoundly ignorant, but not, therefore, uninterested listeners as to this trait of his Excellency.

"Mr. M'Duffie," said a short young gentleman, with light hair, blue eyes and fair complexion, "is a neighbor of mine. Since he has given up his seat in Congress, he has devoted himself, more than heretofore, to his planting interest. He is indeed all attention to it. He has made many improvements upon his place. No planter understands better the management of his slaves than he does. The Governor, I admit, is rather fond of experiments, but he will, I think, in time, make a first rate planter. His crop, last year, was a noble one."

"Glad to hear it, George," replied a stout gentleman in a blue frock coat, sitting in an arm chair opposite. "The Governor, I doubt not, is capable of becoming a good planter. All he wants is experience. Men of talents, like M'Duffie, may make any thing of themselves. A favorite author of mine observes, 'it is idle to say that one man has more imagination, another more judgment. A man may go to the East as well as to the West, if he will but turn his head that way.' Show me a man that can make a good speech, and sway the minds of an intelligent audience by an ingenious and powerful argument, addressed either to their reason or their passions, and I will show you one, who, if he will but turn his attention to the matter, shall govern his slaves and till his lands successfully."

"I do'nt know that, stranger," said an honest countryman, sitting cross-legged in the corner, who, though dressed in coarse clothes, thought, in a free country, that he had a right to entertain his own opinions and express them freely, even among gentlemen. "I do'nt know that. Men have a purticklar liking to purticklar things, I reckon. Natur makes a difference. I've two boys now. The oldest of 'em is called Benjamin, after his dad—his mother would have it so. The youngest is named Joseph, after his grand-dad. I told the old woman this was agin the Scriptur, for the Bible says as how Benjamin was the youngest son. You know, Mr. —, I ask pardon, but what mought be your name, sir?" (Here the stout gentleman replied, that his name was Jones.) "Happy of yir acquaintance, Mr. Jones. You know, sir," he continued, "that though Joseph was the youngest of seven brethren, yet Benjamin being the child of Jacob's old age, and born after him, must have been younger than he was."

To this Mr. Jones readily assented. "Well, sir, that's the reason I told the old woman that it was agin the Scriptur to call our second boy Joseph. But I was going to tell you. Benjy will be twelve, come the 8th day of January next. I remember the day being the silibration of Ginral Jackson's victory at New-Orleans, when he fout and beat the British. Josey is about two years younger, though I disremember his birth-day—but it's down in the big Bible. Now Josey is the smartest chap of the two by long odds, tho' they go to the same school—have the same master and the same benefit of iddication in every purtiklar. Josey takes to his arithmetic and his Latin right kindly, and they do say that he can conjegate his Latin nouns almost equal to Mr. Long, his master, and that's saying a great deal. But it's most impossible to drive any sorter larning into Benjy's

head. Neither coaxing nor scolding nor whipping seems to do him any good. I sometimes kinder think I mought as well not send him to school at all. But Natur, as I said before, does n't make every body alike."

"True, friend, all men are not equally gifted with intellectual endowments, but some minds are more slowly unfolded than others. You ought not to despair of your oldest boy. Some of the brightest geniuses that the world has known, were almost dunces in their youth, and the most forward boys do not always make the greatest men. Nature, as you justly remark, makes a difference in different individuals, but if much is due to dame Nature in laying the foundation of a man's eminence, as much or more is certainly attributable to the influence of a good education."

"That was a capital speech, George," he continued, "that M'Duffie addressed to the Legislature when he was made Governor—one, I think of his happiest efforts. The Yankees, however, found fault with it. They pronounced it mere declamation. I should like to have them answer its arguments. They are, in my opinion, quite irresistible."

"I am not certain," replied the other, "that M'Duffie, though he doubtless deserved the reputation which he acquired, of being the most powerful speaker in the House of Representatives, is yet perfectly unexceptionable in his oratory. He is too fond of introducing common place quotations into his finest speeches. Shakspeare, and the beauties of Shakspeare, are forever in his mouth. Now Shakspeare has had his day, and though full of learned saws and instances, yet these have, in a great measure, lost their effect by frequent repetition. The expressions, 'disguise it as you may,' and 'the principles of everlasting justice,' which are perpetually to be found in his speeches—from their frequent recurrence, disfigure a style in other respects almost unexceptionable, and always remarkable for its simplicity, directness and masculine vigor. Our congressional orators are too fond of common places. I could name others who are quite as liable to criticism, in this respect, as his Excellency. It is an ordinary fault too in our great men, who are invited to public dinners, to decline by saying, that 'circumstances entirely beyond their control' prevent their acceptance. If this irresistible tide of fate were not perpetually running against them, we might possibly believe them. But as every one knows better, the excuse is ridiculous. Your little minds may be, and are controlled by circumstances, often very trivial ones, but it is the glory of a man of superior sense to make events of every kind subservient to his own will. There is a writer who has acquired great celebrity at the North, (though his recent tirade against Southern institutions has done him no credit) and who has a thousand and one imitators in New England—I mean Channing, who commences every paragraph by professing to set forth a 'great truth,' and who is always sure to bring into the rear of every argument the hacknied expression, 'though last not least.' This savours sufficiently of pretension. And what makes the matter worse is, that the 'great truths' of Dr. Channing, are often very common maxims, for which the world is by no means indebted to him for the discovery, and were they ever so 'great' they could acquire no additional importance in the eyes of an intelligent reader, by



so pompous an introduction. A man should not boast too much of the value of his own wares, more especially when he commits the blunder of putting forth as original, opinions which have been the common property of the wise and well informed in every age. The great evil, however, resulting from such egotism is, that all the small fry, following in the wake of their leader, are constantly putting forth their 'great truths;' claiming from the public, if it is willing to be duped by assumptions so shallow and ridiculous, the merit of concentrating all the 'great' writers of the nation in the Channing school. There is, on the other hand, one advantage which the reader obtains from this practice. If the production put forth is anonymous, we have only to look for the 'ear-mark,' in order to pronounce at once as to the author. If I take up a magazine and find the expression, 'though last not least,' perpetually recurring, I set down the article at once as Channing's handiwork. It is true his apes by lugging in the same expression at every turn of a sentence, may raise a momentary doubt, but this is instantly dissipated, when in looking for the eloquence and vigor of the master, we find both of them utterly wanting. In such cases the announcement of 'great truths' and the summary conclusion, 'though last not least,' to which the author arrives, cannot redeem and aggrandize the tame and drivelling style of the imitator. So when I read a speech in which the phrase, 'disguise it as you may,' constantly occurs, I do not ask who was its author. I know, *cæteris paribus*, at once, that it is M'Duffie's; for, in other respects, disguise it as *he* may, I can pronounce promptly upon the genuineness of the production, from the notorious 'ear mark.' The speech to which you refer was a splendid effort, and the argument perfectly irresistible. No rant, no ridicule, no sarcasm, could shake positions so eloquently enforced, and so firmly established in the very nature of things, and the experience of mankind. But when this great statesman, solemnly declaring that he would wish to transmit the institution of slavery unimpaired to after times and the remotest posterity, solemnly called God to witness to his sincerity, the splendor of the passage was somewhat dimmed, and the force of the asseveration considerably impaired by so unnecessary an appeal to the Deity. I admit, of course, *in extenso*, the truth of his principles, but still concede to his Northern critics, that he has, in this instance, violated the rules of good taste."

"The practice," replied the gentleman, whom his friend called George, (and of whose cognomen we are ignorant, as the curiosity of the countryman did not prompt him to elicit it)—"the practice of interspersing good composition with numerous quotations from Greek and Latin authors, as well as from the moderns, is characteristic of the literature of the age. I am not certain that it is not a fault. I am not sure that our literature would not assume a higher and a bolder tone, and gain something in originality, if writers would give their own thoughts in their own language, and abandon the petty practice of quotation, for the mere purpose of embellishment, altogether."

"The custom," said Mr. Jones, "surely cannot be defended on the ground of poverty of language. How shall it be justified? What is its cause? It proceeds partly, doubtless, from the affectation of superior learning and scholarship. The man who quotes readily, gets the repu-

tation of having read much. No inference is more false. These tools of rhetoric—quotations, are now in every man's hands, adapted to every subject and to every species of composition. The use of them requires neither tact, nor research, nor scholarship, nor is it the least evidence of either. The industry of a M'Donnel has made common stock of these vast stores of ancient and modern lore, and the humblest tyro may now march off with the shred of a laurel on his brow, who cannot compose a sentence in Greek or Latin, and who never read an author in either language. Literature is thus divested of one of its most aristocratic features, for to be truly noble it must make its escape altogether from vulgar contact.

"I agree with you, George, in regarding these ornaments of style as wholly meretricious, and as affording no satisfactory evidence of scholarship. They would seem rather to indicate poverty of thought—a destitution of that power which gives birth to a style bold and original, and a disposition to supply the deficiencies and prop up the weaknesses of which an author is conscious, by a resort to foreign helps. But, do you not perceive if we throw out of our books these parti-colored shreds and remnants of ancient literature, that the advocates of classical learning will lose one of the arguments by which they maintain that the study of the dead languages is necessary?"

"I do. But if there is no stronger inducement to study the learned languages than what results from this consideration, I think we might very readily consent to give them up altogether."

"I come also," replied Jones, "to the same conclusion."

Here the countryman interposed. He had been for sometime wriggling in his seat, apparently quite uneasy in it. There seemed to be a contest going on between his dexter and his sinister leg, which was quite amusing. He would, in a sort of nervous irritation, elevate his left leg till he had got it to the proper height, and bring it down suddenly until it rested upon his right knee; but as if this position of his nether parts did not quite suit him, he would all at once, lift the left member, and bringing his foot to the floor with considerable force, would rapidly raise the dexter limb, and swing his shrunk shank over his sinister one, giving his body with every zigzag change of his ambulatory members, a sort of jerk, as if he were suffering under some acute rheumatic pain. Nor were his fingers idle. They were every now and then thrust eagerly into his hair, indicating some slight uneasiness in the region of the pericranium. They would then seize hold of the poker, with which he would industriously punch the coals and the fore stick. Anon he would leave his seat and fumble among the newspapers upon the table, as if searching for the price current. He would then resume his position, and with open mouth and eyes, gaze, like one in the attitude of the most fixed attention, at the speakers, though evidently cherishing the hope, that their conversation would soon be brought to a close. It was very apparent that he took no genuine interest in the discussion that was going forward in respect to the classics. He had got to town late in the evening, and had not sold his crop. The very moment therefore that there was a pause in the conversation, when he thought that he might decently put in a question—the very moment, in fact, that Mr. Jones remarked, that he had come "to



the same conclusion," thinking that the discussion also was at an end, the ruling passion which could be no longer restrained, instantly revealed itself, and he inquired in an earnest tone,

"Mr. Jones! what's cotton worth now in this place, sir?"

He was destined, however, to be disappointed in the expected answer to this query, for a servant at this interesting juncture, announcing that coffee was ready, there was a sudden movement of the guests towards the supper room, which interrupted the conversation, and as we did not chance to get a seat near to our companions of the parlor, during that interesting meal, we cannot affirm that the curiosity of the honest man was, in this particular, gratified.

The next morning we took a stroll through the town. It is situated on the beautiful Savannah River, which furnishes a grand high-way to the ocean for the staple commodity of the country, which is here brought to market. The site is low and level, somewhat more elevated however, than the flourishing town of Hamburg, opposite to it on the other side of the river. It would be unhealthy, were it not for the pains which its enterprising citizens have taken to drain it. The streets intersect each other at right angles, and are one hundred and sixty feet in width. A destructive fire, a few years since, nearly reduced this beautiful place to ashes. It has, however, been re-built in a rather elegant and costly style. Substantial and handsome brick buildings have been every where erected. Regularity of plan and beauty of structure have been consulted, and the whole town exhibits pleasing evidence of the opulence of the inhabitants and of their taste in architecture. There are few cities in America that can boast of a nobler street, than Main street in Augusta, running for the length of nearly two miles, almost parallel to the river, directly through the heart of the town. The shops, the banks, the book stores and the fashionable hotels are situated upon this street, and most of the business is done upon it. At one o'clock, it is the fashionable promenade of the ladies, and at this season of the year, (December) it presents at all hours of the day, a scene, plainly enough indicative of the agricultural pursuits of the South, viz. a long—long line of cotton wagons extending up and down the street, drawn by teams consisting of three or four pairs of mules or horses, under the management of the honest yeomen of the country, whose dialect, whether in addressing their beasts or the passers-by, resembles very much that of a rustic bred Yankee. The market-house, occupying a central position towards the lower extremity of this street, is a new, commodious and substantial building. The other public buildings are situated upon the more retired streets. We were particularly pleased with the Medical College, which was politely shown us by one of the professors, recently erected after the Doric order, containing a museum, library and lecture rooms admirably arranged, and crowned with a handsome cupola. The design of the entire building, uniting a chaste simplicity to a beautiful proportion and symmetry of parts, and producing a fine general effect, is highly creditable to its architect. The hotels are, several of them, very handsome. The Masonic Hall is a structure every way worthy of the enterprising and philanthropic association who have erected so enduring a memorial of their zeal in the promotion

of every social virtue. The City Hall, with its spacious and picturesque area both in the front and rear, is a noble edifice—the pride of the Augustans. The Courts are held here, as well as the public meetings of the citizens. The Churches, which were not consumed in the general conflagration of the city, are a monument of the inferior taste of former times, and are less deserving of commendation. To this remark, however, the Episcopal Church forms a pleasing exception. It is in every respect a neat and classical edifice. The dwellings of private citizens,—the abodes of refined manners and elegant hospitality, built agreeably to the directions, and under the eye of their proprietors, are often evidences of the good taste of the age.

The population of Augusta, in the winter, is probably about ten thousand, but is, like that of most of our Southern cities, of a mixed character, including emigrants not only from the different States of our own country, but from foreign lands, the subjects of different governments and the professors of various religions. The Bar and Bench of this city are highly respectable, and boast of some distinguished ornaments—men who add the graces of literature to no mean professional ability. A Law School has been established here by Col. Gould, the son of the celebrated Litchfield professor, which has acquired considerable popularity. The Medical Faculty is numerous, embracing a goodly proportion of men of talents, skill and information. These gentlemen have founded a Medical College, which is in successful operation, and which is sustained by the patronage of the State. The Episcopalians, Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Catholics and Unitarians, have Churches, which are placed under the tuition of pious and learned pastors. A huge and rather unsightly structure, called an Academy, though the appellation of a College would be more characteristic of its dimensions, is an evidence of the early interest which was felt by this people in the cause of education, and which has been still further evinced by the establishment of other seminaries for the instruction of the rising generation. The respect of the citizens for good morals and steady habits has been also singularly exemplified by the zeal with which they have enlisted in the cause of Temperance. The completion of several Rail Roads that are now in contemplation, or in progress, will impart a new interest and give an increased importance to this place.

We spent a day or two, very pleasantly in this thriving town, reviving old friendships, and extending the circle of our acquaintance among its inhabitants. A friend carried us on Saturday evening to hear a lecture on Geology—rather a dry subject, and treated on this occasion in no very moving manner. The lecturer was a venerable old gentleman, but his style unattractive, and his voice and delivery bad. He was closely confined to his manuscript, and found it a laborious task to read even that, so as to be understood by his audience. We really sympathized with him, for he was sadly uneasy in his place. If he did not, however, rouse the imagination of his hearers, he took one step towards it, by addressing himself to their eyes, holding up before us a variety of colored diagrams, representing different strata of the earth, and the skeletons of certain animals, dug out of its bowels, which existed in the time of the antediluvians, but which are not known



to the naturalists of this age. All these he exhibited to us in support of his hypothesis, which was, that the Mosaic account of the creation is fully supported by the discoveries of the Baron Cuvier, and other geologists. He interpreted the word *day*, occurring in the account given in Genesis, of the creation of the earth in six *days*, to mean an *age* and not a revolution of twenty-four hours, making in fact, the period occupied in the creation *six ages*—an interpretation which he insisted the Hebrew language would justify—but which we would remark is a rather forced construction, when we consider that the *day*, as explained by the sacred penman himself, is made up simply of the *morning* and *evening*, and can therefore be hardly supposed to imply a period equal to an *age* or century. We were very much pleased with the piety of this good old gentleman, though we confess he seemed to be engaged in a rather herculean task, in his attempt to manage this difficult subject of the creation—a subject evidently far beyond the reach of his faculties, and which, with resources so scanty, he should have been content to have left in the hands of the Baron Cuvier himself, who has treated it with masterly ability. The generally received opinion until recently, has been, that the relics of animals found below the surface of the earth, were deposited there during that great convulsion of physical nature of which we read in the Scriptures, and which is called the flood or deluge. But recent discoveries would seem to show, that the position of these animal remains, found in the different strata of which the earth is composed, corresponds to the order and regular gradation in respect to time in which they are said to have been created.

We heard an excellent discourse, on Sabbath morning, from the Rev. Mr. B——, from the words, “The unknown God,” contained in St. Paul’s celebrated address to the Corinthian converts. This gentleman makes no pretensions to oratory, but his enunciation is distinct, his style pure, concise and vigorous, and his doctrine eminently practical. Though a young man, and a very modest one, he already ranks high among our American writers as a poet, an essayist, and a divine. We regretted that having taken a seat in the 5 o’clock stage, we were unable to hear him preach one of a series of extemporaneous discourses, which he has lately commenced, and in which he succeeds. This talent of extemporaneous preaching is a valuable one, particularly at the South, where it is considered, to a certain extent, the test of a man’s spiritual calling. We learn that several of the members of the Bench in Georgia are accustomed to preach, and to enforce the doctrines of the gospel in extemporary discourses addressed to the good sense of the people.

We were indebted to the politeness of the excellent Dr. C——, of Augusta, for numerous letters of introduction to his friends at the West, which were very serviceable to us in our tour, of the progress of which we shall hereafter furnish additional sketches.

## THE IDLE MAN.

## NUMBER TWO.

SPRING is with us at last, in all the green and glory of her plumage. The bay shines glossily and bright in communion with the rich crimson of the maple alongside of it, and, hanging above the brooklet and the swamp, the dogwood unfurls his banner of white blossoms to the breeze. I arose this morning, for the first time, to the full consciousness of the thousand beauties of the new born season. A dozen jays chattered in a small bay, that lay beside my accustomed walk; and just as I was leaving my porch, a generous mocking bird poured forth a matin strain, that gave me strength and enthusiasm enough to sustain me in an elaborate ramble of near a mile. A dreadful effort before breakfast, for one so habitually idle as myself! Certainly, however, I had not the slightest reason to repent or regret the labor. My appetite was greatly improved upon my return, and an entire cup of coffee attested my daring, both in walk and breakfast. Nor was the ramble, itself, without its intrinsic rewards. My senses were all aroused, and my very soul rejoiced in the harmony of nature, and the exquisite affluence of the living principle in all objects that came within the scope of my several senses. Birds and butterflies were upon the breeze in all directions. The streamlet ran with an increased current from the April showers of the preceding night,—and the brown lizard, rushed, with a flash-like rapidity, over the dried leaves of a preceding season, that clustered along the road side.

How grateful should we be, we of the South, having such a generous season now before us. The brief interval between the departure of winter and the approach of summer is one of unqualified enjoyment. We are not frozen by the intense severities of the one, nor overcome by the fervid oppression of the other. Spring carries with her all of the mild, subdued and winning demeanor of an elder sister, and standing, as she does, at equal distances between the sire of storms, and the young and burning queen of the summer flowers, she seems alternately to rebuke and to restrain them both.

Such a comparison may seem to many, extravagant and wild, but to me, it appears that none other would suit half so well. It is thus that the natural, is continually calling for analogies from the moral, world; and it is something strange, that the former should be so seldom looked to, in return. "Deep calleth unto deep," and the higher and the lower natures which belong to man—the one that is *of*, and the other, that is *for* him, may well speak correspondingly to one another. We find ample similitudes for the seasons in the crowding and various circles around us. Who has not made the comparison of the raw and gusty day, to the rude and harsh manners of some surly boor—its annoying chills, like the sullen mood—its hoarse chafings, like the rough, unmeasured language; and its general aspect, like his own, having the effect of restraining all innocent freedom—all generous sympathies? And, on the other hand,



who has failed to see the sweet likeness of the fresh morning in May, to the glad, laughing and playful girl, on the verge of womanhood, wooing the observer to a simultaneous worship of her own, and the excellencies of the season?

Carrying on the similitude I have ventured to suggest, we may not unreasonably liken the spring time to the pure heart—the calm, unruffled spirit—one, neither frozen by temperament nor age—rebuking no kindly exercises—enjoying all which are innocent; and yet, totally unshaken and unaffected by those intensities of mood or passion, which, if they be not vices in themselves, not unfrequently beget and lead to vice. There is a soothing purity and freshness in the month of May that we find not in any other; and with singular felicity has it been chosen, perhaps for this very reason, as the season for that annual festival at its opening, in which, fitly employed, its offices were only exercised by the young, the beautiful and innocent. It is, in all other respects, the season and emblem, alike of innocence and beauty. In its reign the flowers are born which speak for these qualities only, and the birds having newly won their voices and their wings from winter, Nature herself seems to have assigned it as the time for universal jubilee.

And so—it is curious to observe—it has been regarded in most countries, those only excepted in which civilization has made the greatest progress. The savage nations, in particular, never forget their offering, at this most gracious period. The Hindoo, at the approach of the season, turns from the more degrading portions of his national worship, and wafts his fillagree basket of flowers, in homage to Brahma who gives them, floating it down the sacred waters of the Ganges. The Persian, released in the “season of flowers” from the labours and the limits of the slave, winds them about his brow and feels their freshness in his heart,—and even our own North American savages, wild and warlike as they are, with a fine sense of natural devotion, hold a common festival of rejoicing on the appearance of the green corn from the earth, in homage to that God, whose most gracious features are then made visible, in the attitude which would seem to us, of all others, the most grand and godlike—that of a benefactor.

I saw one buried at this season—a young, fair girl, too beautiful to die—one who was fond of life, and who seemed sweetly constituted for the warm appreciation of all life’s enjoyments. I saw the fresh sod opened to receive her, and it gave me less pain, as she was to be buried among flowers, in the warm mould which would most vigorously produce them, and while birds were singing sweetly in the thick gathering foliage of the trees above. I felt assured, in the words of Shakspeare, that

“From her fair and unpolluted flesh,  
Should violets spring;”

and the promise half soothed the melancholy which I could not but feel at her departure. For death is not so great an evil, unless, in depriving us of the present life, it leaves us no hope for the future. I felt assured, that it could be no such great sorrow to her, as the innocence of the past, fully sanctioned her richest and most confident hope of the time to come; and, for the present, the flowers—Nature’s dumb, but

thoughtful and counselling ministers—they were all thick about her, and her young cheek, not less bright and beautiful than their own leaves, was pillowed upon them when they were at their freshest and their loveliest.

Were it not for the exceeding labor of such an exercise, I should write verses very frequently. So far as it is possible for a man to make them as he moves along the road side, I am continually finding myself at this strange employment. My thoughts seem naturally to run into rhyme, and this morning, while in my ramble, they elaborated themselves into a regular set of stanzas, which so forcibly impressed me, that I could not but note them down on my return. How congenial is the spring time to the heart and the imagination. The creative faculty seems to burst forth with the buds into redoubled life and activity. The thoughts glow and gladden—the eye grows brighter—the pulse beats freely and fondly, and love, peace, hope, music, and renovated youth, seem to promise, at no distant day, a realization of all those perfect dreams of Eden, which never depart from man even in the moment of his greatest fall from happiness.

Oh, delicately sweet these spring-time hours,  
And in the bosom of the gushing air,  
The gather'd odors of the opening flow'rs  
Win the rejoicing sense to wander there.

Ev'n winter, soothed unto a gentler spirit,  
Foregoes, at last, his long-protracted sway;  
Throws by his robe of storms, unfit to wear it,  
And revels in the genial arms of May.

A bird-like voice hymns through the fragrant hours,  
The triumph of the Queen whose sway it owns,  
And the unquiet Zephyr, clothed in flow'rs,  
In winter's own domain, builds up her thrones.

O'er the broad earth there is no touch of sadness,  
The blue deeps have their freshness, and the sky  
Is redolent of many a spring of gladness,  
That makes it almost criminal to sigh.

Yet, doth the destiny of man inherit,  
A higher aim than well befits his clay—  
A long, deep doubt hangs o'er th' advent'rous spirit,—  
Must things so rich and lovely pass away?

They must—yet from their fate a moral cherish,  
Meet for the soaring soul and upturn'd eyes—  
From out the lowly grave wherein they perish,  
Shall spring a glorious life that never dies.

I had scarcely finished putting these verses to paper, when my friend and neighbor, Hugh Wigglesworth, Esq. announced himself, and was admitted. Mr. Wigglesworth is a bluff, country gentleman of the genuine old English school—entirely unaffected, free, easy, well spoken, having a great fondness for field sports, and admirably good natured. His plantation is but a short two miles from my present lodgings, and we often see each other. I am usually glad to see him, though he invari-



ably walks me off my legs, when we come together; and, though he is always full of anecdote, strange humor, and playful whim, yet he laughs so long and so loudly, as greatly to annoy me at times when I would otherwise desire quiet of all things. He brought me no little annoyance by the present visit; the subject of which, it appears, had somewhat annoyed himself. Perhaps the little dialogue between us may better explain the difficulty than I could myself. He commenced, after the usual fashion, with his well known form of address.

"Ha, Mr. Buxton—at the old trade—scribble—scribble—scribble. What a' doing now—eh? Verses, as I live—nay—you need n't—don't want to hear them. Ha' n't time—only called—see how you are—dead or alive—well and hearty—glad."

"Well, but, Mr. Wigglesworth, won't you take off your hat and sit for a while. We have not seen each other now for some time."

"True, 'gad—true bill, and always glad to see you—busy though—damned busy—overseer sick—planting potatoes—ready for cotton—great crop next season, and look for thirty cents."

"And where are you going now, that you seem in such a hurry?"

"Old Mason's—got some business with him;—want little tract just back of you here;—pine land—want for timber—have it at two dollars an acre; good price too, for it's poor as blazes. Mason's a fine fellow—monstrous vexed with you, though."

"Vexed with me!" I exclaimed, in unaffected astonishment—"Col. Mason vexed with me?"

"Yes, vexed as d—tion. Says you cut him—hid from him in the woods—he was cocked and primed with a good story to tell you,—just looking for words to begin, when you scudded off into the thick undergrowth. Hav'n't called on his daughter either—just from town—and that's another cause of offence. Swears like a trooper at you—says you cut him dead."

I explained, or tried to explain. The truth is, I did, on one occasion, a week or ten days before, fly from the Colonel, who was approaching me; though, as I thought, without having been seen by him. I dreaded his good stories, and did not feel in the humor for any such annoyance. As for calling upon his daughter,—that was certainly no such great cause of offence, did the lady know the fact, that I am always extremely dull in company of the fair. I had heard, it is true, of her arrival, and had as little excuse for not calling, as for flying from the good joke of her father. I had no remedy. I threw myself upon the good offices of Wigglesworth, begged him to get me off, which he readily promised, and to do which, I nothing doubted his capacity.

"But—daughter—must call on her—go with me now. Soon over. Like physic—

'Up to the nose,  
Down it goes.'

Need n't go so close, but take a peep—bob the beaver—say some poetry stuff—and off with me to dinner. Mason's a good fellow—soon forgive—soon forget—no ill will—d—d glad to see—fond of company.

"But his stories." I urged pleadingly.

"Must listen to one—only one—never forgive you 'till he blurts out what he had for you when you run—good one that! Laugh himself. Can't help it, and then all's over. But you must submit to the one story. There is no help for it. Hear him out—say the pretty thing to Emeline—pretty herself—then go with me to the Mill Pond, and see old Horsey draw his nets—get some trout for dinner, and shoot a terrapin or two. Out now, by the dozen—taking the sun along the logs."

The interview with Colonel Mason was not of long duration, and my friend Wigglesworth extricated me from my difficulties, like an experienced navigator. How he excused me to the old gentleman, I know not; but the latter, after awhile, seemed pleased enough. I heard his long story out—which was monstrous long, and as tedious as long. I laughed freely, though with great effort and fatigue, and turned to his daughter, who entered the room—happily for her—just as it was concluded.

Emeline Mason is a fine woman—a dark eyed, magnificently formed woman—of stately carriage, yet easy in her deportment—an eye, that lightens as it smiles, and a lip that curls with something of *hauteur*, even when it teems with condescension. She speaks little—yet that little is much,—and her looks—they are full of language. The tones of her voice are musical, and I doubt not that she sings. An antique, massive *piano-forte* fills one corner of the apartment, and a guitar case lies beneath it. I should like to learn whether she performs or not, but Wigglesworth's voice—a roar rather than a voice—drowns all thought of music, as he blusters for my departure. I must go—but—I wonder if she performs!

"You will come back to dinner, Wigglesworth—Mr. Buxton we expect you"—cried Col. Mason, as we descended the steps to our horses.

"Can't—must go home—Buxton dines with me. Say to-morrow, and look for us;" was the reply of Wigglesworth.

"But Mr. Wigglesworth," I said expostulatively, looking with some horror upon the proposed fatigues of another such day abroad.

"You are engaged for to-morrow, Buxton,—that's all—no help for it"—was his cool reply; and off we rode to Horsey's Mill Pond, to shoot terrapin and take fish.

We have at length reached our place of destination. The pond, or I should say, lake rather, stretches away beyond the sight, as it takes shelter among the various trees of a thick swamp covert. It provides the waters for a saw-mill, which draws freely from its bosom, without exhausting their resources. A little 'dug-out' that lies in waiting, receives us, Wigglesworth, Mr. Horsey, the miller, and myself. Wigglesworth plants himself at the head of the canoe, ready with his double barrelled gun for whatever game may offer. The miller goes astern, and with a little paddle which he dextrously transfers from one to the other hand, sends our egg-shell-like bark forward with as much rapidity as ease. I have the middle, and I believe the best seat, but still I find it uneasy and contracted. I must philosophize, however, and take the boat, as a wise man takes the world, as I find it. Away we go, and the prospect opens before us.



Somehow, I strangely love this, our Southern scenery of the low and middle country; yet why it is I hardly know. It does not impose upon you like the scenery of the North. There are no stupendous prominences—no frowning heights that, like rising giants stretch themselves away into heaven, challenging the admiration of man, and seeming to claim that of the Gods. The rivers run not through ledges of bald rock, that threatens to tumble headlong upon the wayfaring steam-boat as it plies beneath—the hills do not cluster together as if seeking companionship during the unfriendly blasts of winter. There is nothing, in short, in the scenery I speak of, calculated to impress, at a glance, the regards of the spectator; and yet it pleases me infinitely more;—for, after all, the rocks of the North are cold and cheerless—they strike you with awe, but they invite no sympathies—they demand your wonder, but they yield, and ask for, no love. They move you at a first glance, but they do not often reward a second,—and the mind at length grows cheerless in their contemplation, and turns from them to the crowded city, as if seeking for human relief. Not such is the effect upon me of our Southern woods and waters. They never startle you, but, at the same time, they never offend. They invite you to wander among them by their soft attractions. The brightness of their green—the rich glory and gorgeousness of their flowers—the songs in profusion, and of every note, of their profligate birds, win you away unconsciously into gentle thoughts; and you find your heart familiar with their thousand forms and attractions long before your eye has surveyed them. It is then that you behold and analyze their various aspects with a pleasure which never yet came abruptly to the mind. You scan closely the giant pines that rise majestically about you. The tangled vines cluster above and around, and enshroud you, while the buds touch your cheek, and press forward in your walks on every side. The deep thickets seem impenetrable, and as you gaze upon the green edge of the woods that skirts the river or the lake, fancy becomes busy, and you almost expect to see the feathered-cinctured Yemassee warrior starting out upon you from its shade—for it seems of all regions in the world, that most peculiarly adapted to the practices of Indian warfare. Its gloom—not so deep as to become painful—impresses you with a divine sense of mystery, and towards sunset the spot seems hallowed and softened by the stray beams that glide like so many gentle spirits, here and there, scattered among the crowding trees, and through the partial openings of the forest.

Such a prospect is before us now as we glide with our little canoe over the quiet surface of the lake. Our paddle makes a rippling noise which breaks the silence not unpleasantly. And now the scene enlarges before sight and sense. A screaming cormorant soars from the huge cypress before us, and Wigglesworth prepares to fire, but the bird has given him no chance, and is already beyond his reach. But another victim is already marked out. A huge terrapin, unconscious of danger, lies on the end of a fallen tree that juts a pair of sprawling limbs out from a lagoon before us. We approach within shooting distance, and still he keeps his position—his long head, erect, as if he snuffed a wholesome breeze from the south west, quite too grateful to be given up for any risk. The gun is up, the aim taken, the trigger drawn,

and the head of the terrapin—no longer haughtily uplifted—lies flattened on the log. My friend is a good shot—and we obtained our prize—though at the loss of a nobler victim. The discharge of the gun aroused the apprehensions of a gigantic eagle, that rose sweepingly from the skeleton branches of an ancient cypress beyond us, rising like a mighty spectre, from the very centre of the lake. He soars away from before us, and we now discover that he carries a large fish in his talons. But he goes not far. He alights again, upon another tree in the lake, and the prow of our canoe is silently turned towards him. His bald, white head veers with our every movement, and he watches our progress as closely as if he calculated the probable range of our gun. He is off—his wings stretched out like sails,—wide and powerful—bear him far away from reach, and we follow his flight vainly with our eyes, until he mingles, like a misty speck, diminishing to a slender line at last, with the dim haze of the distant firmament.

How exquisitely beautiful is the plumage of that summer duck as he scuds away from before us. What a rich wave of crimson lines his extended wings as he now flaps them above the water. And, lo! there are now a dozen of them—he is floating and plashing among his comrades, not one of which is less beautiful than himself.

"They are among my nets, Mr. Wigglesworth," cried Horsey, seeing that my companion had already taken aim.

"Well, what of that—shan't hurt the nets, Horsey—must cut away—can't help it." And he fired, but without success; they were beyond the range of the gun, and sped away in a body to another portion of the lake.

We reached the first net,—a novelty to me, of curious construction. It is well known here, however, and is called a "gill-net," from the circumstance of its taking the fish by entangling their gills, as, following the run of the stream, they seek to pass through its interstices. The net is usually twelve, fifteen, or twenty, feet in length, according to the width of the current which it is intended to cross. Fastened at either end to two upright poles, it is maintained in its position by small square pieces of shingle, not larger than the hand; which, attached to the upper part of the net, at moderate intervals, rest upon the water, and keep the edge of the net level with its surface. The sections are of moderate compass—sufficiently large to intercept a good sized trout, yet small enough to secure the distended gills of the most delicately constituted perch or bream.

We drew the canoe alongside, and cautiously trailed the net into view. But a single fish—a fish called the "red-horse"—a sort of sucker, was found in its meshes.

"This aint so lucky a net as the other," said Mr. Horsey. "When this net has five fish in it, t'other has twenty-five. T'other net was made by my wife—a mighty fine net."

We saw reason enough in this last sentence of Mr. Horsey, to understand why one net was so much more successful than the other. Letting down the net again, we proceeded on our way to that which was the favorite, not doubting but, that according to the usual average of the miller, we should find at least five fish within it. But we were



destined to something worse than disappointment. The net was in sad disorder as we drew it up. Not a foot of it remained untorn or untangled—it was a complete ruin. One perfect fish, alone, was taken, and the half of a cat-fish, of considerable size, gnawed to its middle, attested to our companion that his nets had furnished their prey to those who had no right to them. The net bore testimony to its own worth, as, covered with slime, it had been evidently well filled with fish. The Miller was aghast, and almost speechless.

“The vile varmints,” he exclaimed, “the otters have been here—they have eaten up the net to get at the fish,—and this was my best net—my lucky net—my wife made it with her own hands.”

Poor fellow! I could almost have wept at a loss, which he mourned, in such natural language, and in a manner so sweetly domestic. After all, a wife must be an object of some importance—if she can make “gill-nets” I mean.

I must stop now. I have written quite enough at one sitting for one who professes to be, and is, an  
IDLE MAN.

#### FANCY.

WHEN a long lapse of years  
Hath left their furrows deep upon the brow,  
And life's perplexing cares  
Have caused the spirit in its pride to bow,  
Why do we sigh to meet  
Some slight memento early friendship gave?  
And almost deem we greet  
The form that slumbers in the silent grave!

Why do we fondly gaze  
On those old perished cities of renown,  
Whose sun's resplendent rays  
Have in the mighty womb of time gone down?  
Why vainly, fondly strive  
Their fates from time's dim chronicles to gleam,  
When all we can achieve  
Is but alas! to know that they *have* been!

'Tis Fancy fondly decks  
The present with the image of the past,  
With beauty clothes the wrecks,  
O'er which time hath the rust of ages cast.  
Her potent wand revives  
The slumbering dust to monuments of art;  
And pristine vigour gives  
To friendships almost blotted from the heart.

HARRIET.

## FROM OUR ARM-CHAIR.

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**THE PUFFING SYSTEM.**—The practice of indiscriminate praise which characterises the periodical press of our country, is a very faulty one, and if the ridicule which it provokes from sensible men, does not cure the evil, it will, in the end, prove highly detrimental to our literature. Nearly a moiety of the space occupied by some of our American Magazines, is made up of fine compliments—compliments which other magazines and other prints—daily, weekly, monthly prints—deeply impressed with a sense of the great and surpassing merits of those periodicals, have had the grace to pay to them. The public—i. e. the reading public, which is supposed to be totally incapable of making up an opinion for itself, is immediately put in possession, by the party praised, of these exaggerated eulogiums, which, independently of all intrinsic merit in the work itself, are supposed to furnish a passport to public confidence, and the work which can bring into its appendix the largest number of these fraternal puffs, is set down at once, in the opinion of its editor at least, and of its editor's friends, as the most popular and deserving publication in the country. Now we do not say, that a magazine or a newspaper is to blame for expressing a fair, unbiassed and even commendatory opinion of a contemporary periodical, when the praise is merited, and does not result from mere private and personal feelings of friendship. But we object to a magazine's re-echoing these newspaper puffs, of which it is itself the occasion and subject, in its own pages, to the exclusion of other and better matter. It is a pitiable waste of the time of the printer, of his ink, his type and his paper; and nothing savours more strongly of ridiculous vanity and down right egotism. It is like Jack Horner in the corner, pulling the plums from the Christmas pie, and felicitating himself upon his own prowess. Nothing can afford a more striking evidence, if he had but half an eye to see it, of an author's weakness, and of his consciousness of it. He has a disease in his feet and ancles, and cannot use his legs in the natural way, and is compelled to go on stilts; or he is sick a-bed, too weak to raise himself up, and employs bolsters and other artificial means for the purpose. The magazine that praises, too, expects to be praised in return. "My friend," says the editor, "whom I have so plentifully bespattered, surely will not, if there is such a thing as gratitude in the world, forget his kind eulogist. I may reasonably expect, engaged as I am in a similar vocation, to get part, at least, of my praise back again, and it may, perchance, be repaid with interest." Thus, the press, which should be employed only to enlighten the public mind, is prostituted to a miserable puffing system, and we have nothing but puffs, re-puffs, and sur-re-puffs, issued from our presses from one end of the continent to the other. They constitute, in fact, a large share of what is styled at the present day, American literature, and, if published by themselves, would certainly fill folios.

The public, too, is cheated in another way. The press has an artificial and a false importance attached to it, regarded as the vehicle of public opinion. "What say



the newspapers?" "What say the journals?"—is looked upon as tantamount to the enquiry "What says the world of the work?" We say the public is egregiously deceived as to this impression, which has so generally prevailed. The public press, as it is called) has not a jot more of publicity, under any circumstances, than its conductors choose to attach to it. It is the property of individuals, who exercise an exclusive control over it, and is in no sense public, except that it is employed as the most effectual of engines, in shaping and managing the opinions of the many. Not one individual in a hundred ever writes for the public. What then becomes of the press as an organ of public sentiment? It is no such thing. We, the editor, means any thing else than, we, the public. The press is a vehicle for the expression, simply, of individual opinions, and seldom, if ever, represents the sentiments of the mass of the people. It puts forth, from time to time, the opinions of Mr. So-and-So, and those of his friends or favorites, but the public has no further concern in the matter than to read their speculations, and profit by them, if they are worth any thing.

Newspaper panegyric is, therefore, any thing rather than an expression of public opinion, and public opinion itself is very much of a humbug—a thing to talk about—a phrase to be used by demagogues for party purposes, but which has often little more than an imaginary existence, and is totally incapable of definition, except as embracing the views of a very narrow circle. This god of men's idolatry—this magnificent public opinion, before which they bow, resembles, in its evanescence, a sudden squall at sea, or, at best, a fickle breeze; and granting that it is something tangible—something that has form and proportions, yet it is very much like the chameleon, and changes quality and hue with the position from which it is viewed, the light in which it appears, and the influences by which it is surrounded. It is one thing in France, another thing in England, and still something totally different in America. In different sections even of the same country, public opinion varies. It differs as to laws, policy, manners and religion; and where it exists—if it may be said to exist any where—it is not the aggregate of the opinions deliberately formed of the individuals who compose the public, but the insulated sentiment merely of a few master minds, to which the individuals who compose the mass, yield an implicit acquiescence, without reflection and without thought—of minds perhaps equally liable with their own to the biases of prejudice, interest and various unjust influences. And yet this thing—this public opinion, exerts every where an almost omnipotent sway. Let the theory, the practice, or the custom, which is brought to the test, be what it may, the cry every where is, "what does the world say of it?" Has it received the countenance of the circles of fashion? Does it go down with the multitude? Has the majority approved of it and sanctioned it?" And few are to be found who have the independence of spirit to call in question the truth of any maxim or the tendency of any practice which has received the confirmation of the popular voice—a voice which is ever changing with a change of circumstances, or with the purposes of the individuals who may happen to be uppermost.

The outcry is equally senseless which is raised as to the liberty of the press. In a free country we boast of nothing more loudly than of a free press, but very mistaken opinions are entertained as to the true nature of this liberty. The press, in a gross and obvious sense, is certainly free—very free—free to boast of its freedom—free to publish and re-publish what has been published a hundred times before—free to snarl and free to puff—free to patronize printers and paper manufactories and

the venders of printer's ink—free, in a word, to propagate its own species *ad infinitum*, till the whole earth shall groan under the weight of free presses, and every ignorant booby shall learn to spout politics and copy philosophy from one free press to another—till every hovel shall be turned into a printer's office and every rustic be converted into a printer's devil.

There is another and a higher sense in which the press is unquestionably free—in fact the only sense in which its freedom should be a matter of boast in this country, or in any country—it is the freedom which is enjoyed, by its enlightened conductors, of publishing the truth from good motives and for justifiable ends—exempt from the surveillance and censorship of the paid agents of Government, and without any other amenability than one to the laws of the land for a violation of the franchise—a species of freedom of the press which has been ably and eloquently treated of by Dr. Cooper, in his “Law of Libel and Liberty of the Press”—a work which has not yet received from the public the commendation which it richly merits. This, after all, is the only true liberty of the press—the only right of freely publishing opinions that is worth contending for.

The liberty of the press which the many contend for, is something very different—it is the liberty of printing whatever any fool thinks fit, no matter how crude or silly it may be. A man wants to use the free privilege—he longs to see himself in print—he goes with a strut to a publishing office, and hands over to the editor the senseless production of a stupid brain. The editor rejects it, and the man in amazement cries out, “is not this a free country? Is not the press free?” True. Free enough. But he forgets that the press is the editor's press and not his own press, and that the former is no more bound to publish his nonsense, than a gentleman is, to receive every dirty boor who chooses to thrust himself into his parlor. He exclaims against the editor's want of independence, and has not the sense to perceive, that the surest test of this independence is, a prompt rejection of whatever is not proper to appear. Ye muses! ye critics! what sort of an entertainment should we place before the public, if we exhibited every crude and unsavoury dish that is offered for our acceptance!

Besides the puff direct on which journals fatten and thrive, there is the side-puff, by the aid of which they hope to get safely into port at last. This practice, though less barefaced and less decidedly disgusting than the other, is yet of sufficiently equivocal propriety. It consists of condensing into a narrow compass, so as to fill only the cover, or part of the cover, of a journal, all the great names of those who, from the beginning of time, both at home and abroad, have specially honored that periodical, by selecting it as a medium for the promulgation of their opinions. To these are appended all the titles of these great writers, and some of the most striking achievements, in the shape of books, of which they have been the authors. This is another of the ways in which our popular journals go on stilts. Should they be in danger of falling, they *guess*, with something of Yankee shrewdness, that the names will hold them up. Perhaps they may, in the opinion of those who look at the names alone. We do not mean to despise great men—we would not speak lightly of writers of reputation. No such thing. What we say is, that we prefer that distinguished authors should write for us, and throw the weight of their genius into our pages, rather than that we should perpetually prate about their greatness.

Not that we would wish to have nameless contributors. No. Let the names of writers appear. No conceivable benefit results from the anonymous. The argu-



ment of Mr. Bulwer on this subject, in his "England and English," appears to us a perfectly unanswerable one. If a writer is capable of enlightening the public—if he puts forth opinions that are truly valuable, he ought not to be ashamed either of himself or of his work; but because the press is free, he should not be permitted to employ it for venting his private spleen or malignity, in the shape of criticisms, against worthy persons, who may not be able to make out a case of libel, but whose literary reputation, which is justly dear to them, may be sacrificed to gratify the revenge of the cowardly critic, who stabs from behind a curtain, and remains himself unseen. No. Let there be fair and open dealing by the press with all persons. A change in the economy of the press in this country is, in this particular, loudly called for, in order to co-operate with the spirit of an age that loves light and hates darkness—an age that approves only of a manly and straight forward course in literary criticisms, and frowns upon all kinds of unnecessary concealment. But notwithstanding this—though the anonymous should be abandoned, and those who sport with the reputations of others should be made to show their hands, yet the practice of some journals in claiming fame and patronage, and making it a matter of open boasting, simply because certain great men have occasionally honored their pages with an essay, is a pitiful practice, derogatory to the dignity and independence of the press. Dr. D—, and Lord G—, may, at times, wield powerful pens, but they are not, always, equally strong, and plain Mr. C—, who has no title at all, may write an article that shall enhance the reputation of the work far more than either of them. Let every writer be judged of, not by his name, but by his intrinsic worth. Many may be deceived by this empty parade of sounding names, but the knowing ones, who are in the secret, understand very well, and should blush to own, that it is a mere trick of the trade, and resorted to only for popular effect.

But, finally, if the infinite variety of ways in which journals puff themselves into notice deserves the most unqualified censure, the practice of indiscriminate fault-finding is even more despicable, and of all the different species of it, that which seeks to "damn an author with faint praise," is the most assassin-like, and more than any thing else, attaches suspicion to the motives and fairness of the critic. Our limits will not permit us to enlarge upon this fruitful topic, and we will therefore merely refer our readers to some excellent articles upon the subject, which recently appeared in the *New-York Knickerbocker*, under the title of the "Uses and Abuses of Criticism"—in which the whole of this cut-throat system is fully exposed and held up to merited scorn and indignation. We will only say, the Lord deliver us, and the American press, and all those who write for it, from its pernicious and malignant influence!

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KONINGSMARKE, BY PAULDING.—This work is a reprint, and forms the 7th and 8th vols. of the new series of Mr. Paulding's writings. We regard it as one of his best, having read it several years ago, with considerable pleasure. It is a work of mixed character, partaking somewhat of the air and manner of Irving's *New-York*, with the advantage of a continuous interest, arising from the singleness of the story. A part object of the writer seems to have been the ridicule of that strange sort of character which Scott was so fond of portraying, of which "Meg Merrilies" was the best, and "Norna of the Fitful Head" was the worst specimen. The *Bombie of Koningsmarke*, is a very fair hit at the latter incongruous personage.

A NARRATIVE OF THREE YEARS. BY A CITIZEN OF CHARLESTON.—This work has been handed us in manuscript, with a view to our examination of it, and an expression of our opinion as to the expediency of its publication by the Port Society of this city. We have read it with much interest, not only from respect to its author, who is a very worthy citizen, but because it is of a character well calculated to enlist our sympathies in behalf of a class of men, who suffer much, and to whom we are indebted for a large share of the comforts of life—we mean mariners. The narrative is well, but plainly, written, interspersed with an account of the various vicissitudes of the ocean, to which its author was subjected, enlivened by pleasing anecdote, but rendered especially valuable by the spirit of resignation under misfortune, and the tone of devout gratitude for the mercies of Providence which pervade its pages. The influence of such a work must be decidedly beneficial, especially among that class of readers for whose use its publication is more particularly intended.

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CLEVELAND'S LATIN GRAMMAR. PHILADELPHIA, WILLIAM MARSHALL & CO. HARTFORD, D. BURGESS & CO. 1836.—This is a new edition of that standard elementary work, Adams' Latin Grammar, with emendations by the editor, C. D. Cleveland, A. M., late Professor of the Latin Language and Literature in the University of the city of New-York. We are not competent to speak of the skill of Mr. Cleveland as a linguist, this grammar being the only evidence of his literary pretensions which has reached us. We are, however, pleased with his improvements, and think they were such as to authorize a new edition of the grammar, to the examination of which he has evidently brought a discriminating taste and a patient industry. We have looked through its pages, in order to note those particulars in which it varies from the edition which, fifteen years ago, was in use in Harvard College, and which at that time was regarded as nearly perfect. Our conclusion is, that time has operated beneficial changes, or that scholars have become more critical than heretofore. The parts which he has expunged appear to us now to be nearly useless, and those which he has added, to furnish valuable helps to the student. We need not enter into particulars, but will only say, that the reasons which he has assigned for his alterations appear to us very satisfactory, and we think the work is entitled to take the precedence of all other editions, even of Mr. Gould's improved Boston edition, in our high grammar schools and academies. It is got up in a beautiful style, as to its binding and printing.

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THE HEAVENS.—We have before us, a work from the pen of Robert Mudie, entitled "The Heavens," published by Carey, Lea & Blanchard. After mentioning in his preface, the *simplicity* of his subject, "Splendid beyond all expression, and even beyond all imagination, as the Heavens are, the science of them is at once the simplest and most perfect of sciences," the author observes, in his first chapter, "that the word *Heavens*" means that which is elevated, and we sometimes make use of the word Firmament, *which* literally means, "that *which* is solid," but *which*, as applied to the Heavens, means that *which* is self-sustained—that *which*, by laws *which*, &c. &c.



We think that our author has not here, at any rate, preserved, in his explanation, much of that superlative simplicity.

On page 18th, immediately under the head of *learning* and *ignorance*, we have the following sentence:

"Very many of our choicest possessions have been, and still continue to be *fetch*ed from lands, the inhabitants of which have been in possession of them for thousands of years."

And notwithstanding a series of such horrid blunders, the author has the vanity to assure us, in the conclusion of his preface, that a liberal public have repeatedly and largely bestowed upon him their good opinion. We would only request him since he uses the Saxon root *heofnas*, in his definition of the word Heavens, to be equally as careful in using the word *fetch*—*fetch* implies to go and bring, we cannot say *be fetch*ed. An elegant writer would say, I went and brought it. At any rate, it is necessary in starting to *fetch* a thing, that the thing intended to be brought should be previously understood. The possessions mentioned by our author, have, for the most part, been casually met with by persons who accidentally understood the benefit to be conferred not by *fetching*, for they must have been present to discover them, but by bringing them on their return.

In fact, the author reminds us of a planet-stricken preacher, who has left the pulpit in order to sermonize and obscure the solar system, with his own metaphysical conjectures and illiterate jargon. Like some huge opacity, causing a total eclipse of the sun itself, being incapable of giving light.

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MRS. TROLLOPE'S PARIS AND THE PARISIANS.—Never was there perhaps a more novel manner of becoming notorious, than that adopted by Mrs. Trollope in the commencement of her literary career—never perhaps a more successful one—notwithstanding the low vulgar peculiarities of her "*Domestic Manners of the Americans*," her success was extraordinary, and she still continues rapidly pouring forth her productions to the world.

We must acknowledge that there is a great improvement in the style of her last work. It is not more than three years since we heard gentlemen of respectable authority, who were acquainted with Mrs. Trollope, while residing at Cincinnati and building her bazaar, assert, that she was a woman of coarse habits and very illiterate.—Her first work wears all the character of such an authoress. Bulwer has observed, respecting the lady, that she must certainly be a gourmand, for she always has to leave some beautiful scenery to go to dinner, or swallows down a hasty meal to arrange time for some enjoyment, or, after a regular shopping tour, goes into an English pastry cook's to eat buns. This is by no means interesting, although very natural; we know that the lady must eat; we take it for granted, and there can be no occasion to introduce the fact so often, unless to describe the peculiarities of a repast. In her LVII. letter of the present work, she gives us a regular treatise on the subject of feasts, dinners, suppers, &c. wherein she strongly expresses a desire to be considered the queen of suppers. There is a spirit of sarcasm in the commencement of the work, aiming at the sanguine anticipations of France under their new government—and *les jeunes gens de Paris* are spoken of with a degree of ridicule.

She certainly is an extraordinary woman. And what a politician too! It is a pity—so it is—that the ladies of Grimsby\* should have lost their privilege, or perhaps Madam Trollope might, by a slight extension of their power, have been sent as a member to Parliament.

We have strong suspicion, that this work is not the production of Mrs. Trollope's pen alone. Her name, however, may be the happy medium through which the writings of some more respectable author may be brought before the public, who, otherwise, for want of patronage, might remain unknown. The prints are nicely executed, and the work got up with the Harpers' usual care.

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RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—We are of opinion that this work will meet with a very extensive sale. The accurate description of the old House of Commons, the correct manner in which the forms, rules and regulations of the House are laid down, as well as the characters brought before the reader, (whose names are, many of them, so well known in this part of the world,) immediately located on the political field of action—the spot where the highest interest of their country depends upon their exertion—cannot fail to afford much amusement to the reader.

We have the late Speaker, Sir Charles Manners Sutton, described in glowing colors, but by no means more glowing than that honorable gentleman deserved. Sir Charles Wetherell, a great lawyer, but no politician, "whose ruling passion, humor" says the author, "will, there can be no question, be strong in death." The Reform Bill shut the doors of Parliament against this worthy gentleman.

Sir Robert Peel is also well described. In fact, the author personally introduces us to each of the members. Sir Robert is represented as the best and most effective speaker in the House, with a dignified and graceful delivery.

Col. Sibthorpe, is said by one who knows the honorable gentleman, to be well described. He is, in appearance, a perfect Don Quixotte, and a great patron of horse racing, cock fighting, &c., very different, we are informed, from the character of his brother, the Rev. Richard Sibthorpe—one of the strictest religionists and most popular preachers in London and Lincoln.

Mr. Cobbett is spoken of with considerable prejudice, or rather, with a feeling entirely different from that with which he is looked upon in America. His personal appearance is pleasingly portrayed.

Sir Frances Burdett is represented as having, in reality, changed his principles, after submitting to an exclusion from aristocratic society, fines and imprisonment, rather than suppress his opinions. Our author says, he still makes profession of liberal principles, but it is only profession.

Mr. O'Connell is spoken of with more care and accuracy than almost any other member. He is considered as a man of most brilliant powers, whose influence is increasing every day, both in Parliament and in the country.

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\*It is not, perhaps, generally known in this country, that the ladies of Grimsby received from one of the Queens of England the power of selecting their own members of Parliament.



"The most distinguished literary man in the House, is Mr. E. L. Bulwer, member for Lincoln, and author of Pelham, Eugene Aram, &c. He does not speak often. When he does, his speeches are not only previously turned over with great care in his mind, but are written out at full length, and committed as carefully to memory as if he were going to recite them at some annual examination of some public school. You see art and affectation in his personal appearance, in his mode of dressing, and in his every movement." It would appear from the whole description of Mr. Bulwer, that he is likely ever to be more popular as an author, than as a statesman, although, through the medium of his novels, he may possess considerable influence over the feelings of the British subjects. On the whole, we are much pleased with the work.

The *jeu d'esprits* on this and the following page, are from the pen of an unmarried friend of the Ladies:

*Mr. Editor.*—We request of some of your correspondents, fair or philosophic, answers to the questions which follow:

1st. Was it designed by Providence that man should be solitary or social—exist alone, or in companionship?

2d. Is not matrimony the completion of social life?

3d. Is it probable that any one who has once been happily married, will ever be content in celibacy?

4th. Is not that the most happy community in which there are most love-matches, even such as the sordid would define imprudent?

5th. Have not second marriages contributed as much to the benefit and substantial bliss of society, as first marriages?

Americans should be partial to second marriages, as to them they owe Washington, Greene, Gouverneur Morris, and William Lowndes.

6th. Is there not a system of principles called the art of courtship, which is as certain and as practicable as the art of war? What is that system?

*Mr. Editor.*—I send for preservation in your popular journal, the precise measurement of St. Michael's Steeple. Total altitude 186 feet 3 inches.

[From the Charleston Courier, Dec. 8th, 1835.]

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.—In the month of September, 1832, Mr. John M. Schnierle was employed in putting some repairs upon the Steeple of this beautiful structure, and at that time took an exact measurement of its height, which he has kindly furnished us, at our request, for publication.

	FEET.	INCHES.
From point of Rod to top of Vane, - - - -	8	6
Width of Vane, - - - - -	1	9
From bottom of Vane to top of Ball, - - - -	7	8
From top of Ball to eve of Roof over Pigeon Hole, - - -	5	5
Thence to first Velt under Pigeon Hole, - - - -	6	9
From first Velt to second Velt, - - - - -	16	7
From second Velt to eve of Steeple Roof, - - -	8	5
Thence to floor of Balcony, - - - - -	17	7
Thence to floor of Belfry, - - - - -	22	2
Thence to top of Portico Roof, - - - - -	48	3
Thence to Pavement, - - - - -	43	2

Total height of Steeple from Pavement to top of Vane, 186 3  
The Vane is 7 feet, 3½ inches and a half long.

*Mr. Editor.*—MATRIMONIAL STATISTICS OF CHARLESTON.—The Journal of the Episcopal Convention of South-Carolina, which is always replete with information, of high interest to Episcopalians, contains also much that is attractive to the politician and the moralist. From it we offer an extract, that may be acceptable to your fair readers.

	White Congregation.	Marriages.	Proportion to Cong'on.
St. Philip's,	1008	9	1 to 112
St. Michael's,	943	10	1 to 94
St. Paul's,	1090	13	1 to 83
St. Peter's, in 1835,	250	5	1 to 50
Total,	3291	37	1 to 90

Of St. Peter's congregation the number is stated before the completion of the present spacious edifice. St. Philip's has done better than during the last year—her daughters were then in ashes, and "in the spirit of heaviness."

The Baptists are about 1000, and average 14 marriages annually, or about 1 to 80—72.

The Lutherans are about 1100, and average 20 marriages a year—1 to 55. A result which indicates, that Germany will yet rectify Christendom.

1832—16. 1833—19. 1834—25. 60 in 3 years. 1835 to September—20.

THE BOUDOIR.—In the March number of your interesting journal, Mr. Editor, you have presented the following questions to your fair readers for their solution. They appear to have neglected your request, and to remind them of it, I send you the following attempt at answers, with the hope, that the ladies may embellish the journal with better—with such as may be more philosophical, or more the result of experience. Some of the queries you state, are from the great Richieu himself, whose science of the human heart has never been surpassed. Your first question is,

Which is the most convincing sign of love—to conceal a passion or to disclose it—to sigh or to shed tears?

*Answer.*—To disclose it. Every one is anxious to conceal it. Some through timidity and bashfulness, others through a horror of ridicule, and others from a knowledge that concealment best ensures success. The ambuscade has ever been preferable to the direct assault in capturing a woman. The sarcastic say, because it somewhat accords with their own system.

The sigh is perhaps the truest evidence of deep attachment. High excitement forces tears, but the sigh proves that the heart has struggled, and its struggles have been in vain to expel the relentless malady, and that it yet loves even against hope.

*2d Question.*—Which gives most satisfaction to a lover, to praise his mistress, or to be praised by her?

To praise the woman you love, though she may not merit your devotion, is at once an exquisite luxury, and an emollient of the soul. But to be praised by her on whom your partiality dotes, exceeds even this, because it removes doubts, and remunerates all your solicitude. Praise from a beloved object, is the heart's first joy, which answers your second query.

*3d Question.*—Which renders most manifest the power of love, a shepherdess falling in love with a king, or a king falling in love with a shepherdess?

*Answer.*—The shepherdess falling in love with a king. Because with her there is no hope, and nothing but romantic admiration can inspire and cherish this consuming inflammation. She indeed.

Vulnus alit venis, et cæco carpitur igni—

Of such, this indeed may be said more truly than even of Phœnicia's exile queen.

But the king in loving a shepherdess, displays only an uncorrupt taste, which he knows may be gratified. Philippina, a farmer's daughter, was married by a German Emperor, and the humble young Livonian was the consort of Peter the Great, and is illustrious in history as the first Catharine, the beautiful, wise and amiable Czarina.

These answers may serve until you are favored with wiser ones.